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MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS

AND

GOETHE'S FAUST—PART I

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Marlowe's Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

and

Goethe's Faust, Part I

Translated by John Anster

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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HENRY FROWDE

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CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Born, Canterbury 1564
Died, Deptford 1593

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Born, Frankfort-on-the-Main . August 28, 1749
Died, Weimar March 22, 1832

Marlowe's 'Tragical History of Dr. Faustus' was first published in 1604. The First Part of Goethe's 'Faust' was first published, in its present form, in 1808, and John Anster's translation in 1835. In 'The World's Classics' this translation together with Marlowe's drama was first published in 1907.

INTRODUCTION

THE two famous plays printed side by side in this volume have something in common beyond their title and their theme ; but it may, perhaps, be well at the outset to deprecate the supposition that the later is in any sense founded on the earlier drama. There is, in truth, no reason for concluding that Goethe was acquainted with Marlowe's tragedy either when, in 1790, he first published his own *Faust* as a ' fragment ', or when, in 1808, he gave, still under that designation, the *First Part* of his great work to the world. A trace—but only a trace—has been found of some such acquaintance about ten years later—in 1818, the year in which, as it happens, the first German translation of Marlowe's play was published ; but it was not till 1829, when in his old age he was hard at work upon the completion of the *Second Part of Faust*, that, on being questioned as to Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, he broke out into generous praise—' how greatly was it all planned ! he had thought of translating it ! he was fully aware that Shakespeare did not stand alone ! ' If we are to speak of Goethe's indebtedness to Marlowe, it must be treated as an indirect, not as a direct, obligation. There is no indication of the existence—except in the imagination of at least one celebrated critic—of any German play before Marlowe's on the subject of *Faust* ; and, while there remains no doubt whatever as to the direct source of Marlowe's tragedy, the history of its influence in Germany is to all intents and purposes plain. Marlowe took nearly all the characters and all the important incidents of his play from the narrative of the German *Faustbuch* (first printed at Frankfort in 1587), wholly or substantially, as may now be held to be established, through the

medium of the English version, the *History of Doctor Faustus* (of which a reprint is known to have been issued in 1592). The only characters of significance in their relation to the plot that appear in Marlowe without having their counterparts are the Good and the Evil Angel—figures familiar to popular belief. Marlowe's tragedy, having in its turn been carried into Germany by the travelling 'English comedians', either actually gave rise to the treatment of the same theme on the German popular stage, or at all events signally influenced that treatment. 'German comedians' are known to have represented a tragedy on the same subject at Basel in 1696; and by the middle of the eighteenth century Doctor Faustus had become associated on the German stage with *Hans Wurst* and *Arlequin*, as we shall see he had with the latter *bon camarade* on the English. It was in this form that, in the words of Lessing, Germany 'fell in love' with the story of *Doctor Faust*, and that till recently it continued to gratify audiences in the neighbourhood of Vienna and in remoter parts of Austria. It also sank (as again in England) into the still humbler sphere of the puppet-play; and it was in one or the other of these popular shapes that the Faust-drama became known to Goethe—probably in his own native Frankfurt, where Johann Spiess's *Faustbuch* had first seen the light of day. The opening soliloquy of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which, as Hayward has pointed out, is the only part in which the Elizabethan drama bears any similarity to Goethe's, thus unmistakably descended from the English to the German poet. How entirely independent Goethe's work is of his predecessor's, is best seen in passages where the course of the action brings them into unavoidable contact, but where in the dramatic and poetic treatment a gulf—the gulf of the ages—seems to lie between them. Thus Faustus's contract with the Devil, an act of the deepest significance in the old play, is a mere incident, half ironically treated, in Goethe; while the apparition of Helen, which in Marlowe is hailed by an apostrophe

of incomparable beauty, is in the *First Part* of *Faust* only a trick of bewitchment; nor was it till her re-appearance in the *Second Part* that Helena became a symbol of inspiring perfection.

The two plays must therefore be kept distinct from each other; yet there is, nevertheless, another point of view from which they may legitimately be brought into comparison. Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* is one of the most characteristic products of the latest—and by far the most interesting—phase of the English Renaissance. Half-freed by the Reformation from a spiritual bondage which had seemed to have become an organic part of the national life, and self-exalted by the sense of achievement waiting on aspiration, which it is the privilege of a great age like the Elizabethan to impart, Marlowe's generation deemed nothing impossible to its efforts, and regarded nothing as sacred against approach, conquest, possession. Very much the same was the spirit of that movement in the intellectual life of young Germany which is commonly known as the period of *Storm and Stress*, and which coincided with the years of Goethe's adolescence and early manhood. In this sodality, as in that of the earlier Elizabethan wits, great thoughts and high ambitions were accounted the current coin of intercourse among the initiated, together with a self-reliance scornful of limits and an audacity unconscious of drawbacks, and a love of nature which exhibited itself as a contempt for aught that restrained in the way of law or form. Both these movements recognized themselves as revivals; for Marlowe and his fellows counted it their chief glory to make it known how deep they had drunk of the Pierian spring; and the young combatants of the *Storm and Stress* made Shakespeare the idol of their literary faith, honouring by his side certain other English writers who would perhaps have thought it strange to find themselves in such—or in one another's—company. And both movements ended more harmoniously than they had begun; for from the earlier there came forth Shakespeare, master

of himself and of his art; and, as the later calmed down, Goethe, whom hardly one of his associates in it refused to acknowledge as his leader, achieved a purification and refinement of his own powers, and was thus enabled to point the way to a new and nobler humanism.

The actual source of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* has been mentioned above; but the *Faustbuch* itself of course represents only a particular stage in the growth, expansion, and development of the *Faust*-legend. Some of the fibres of that legend stretch back among the traditions and records of the ancient world—to the myth of Prometheus and the *Book of Job*; and the conception which lies at the very root of it—man's abuse of supernatural powers acquired by him—is only a variant of the belief of his use of such powers in the service of the Deity who bestowed them. Christianity, while vindicating the inner truth of this belief, could not bring itself to condemn the corresponding notion that maleficent demons (into whose place the disestablished pagan divinities readily fitted) continued to supply man with similar powers, though towards unholy ends. The magicians of the earlier Middle Ages were thus popularly regarded as the conscious agents and servants of the Evil One; and among them the superstition of high as well as low included philosophers, poets, and men of science—physicians in particular, who were frequently Jews or Mohammedans—whose power men could not ignore, though its sources remained inexplicable to them. Thus, in the mental darkness or *chiaroscuro*, from which only the few were able to emerge, traditions of magic and magicians multiplied, and very often took the form of stories of contracts with the Devil, with whose black magic the white magic of the Church carried on a perennial conflict. Such were the legends of Cyprian of Antioch, of Theophilus of Adana, and many others, including among later instances the story of the original Don Juan, of which the beginnings

go back to the middle of the fourteenth century. At times ecclesiastics—even a Pope—are to be found among the magicians of these legends (the Devil habitually disguising himself as a monk in order to carry on the necessary negotiations); but more frequently the heroes of the stories and of their luxuriant outgrowths are astrologers and alchemists of celebrity, and with them the true scientific enquirers, whom popular ignorance and delusion placed in the same class. Such above all was Roger Bacon, the famous Oxford thinker of the thirteenth century, who was so much greater than his times, and with the remembrance of whom and of his like there was mingled a mass of unsifted anecdote about astrologers, alchemists, mechanicians, and other men of science of various periods. The tremendous irony of Roger Bacon's fame, which in Marlowe's day was still such as to induce his fellow-playwright Greene to turn the Friar's exploits into a sort of dramatic parody of those of Dr. Faustus, seems to have remained hidden even from a more recent generation of sightseers.

As the Middle Ages drew to a close, this farrago of crude beliefs, wild superstitions, and abject terrors was stirred into fermentation by the daring spirit of the Renaissance, and again rendered thick and slab by an infusion of Reformation principles and prejudices. In Italy, the earliest home of the Renaissance, a new and wholly unprecedented impulse was communicated to it by the study of Greek, of which the beginnings were facilitated by the collapse of the Eastern Empire. One of the consequences of the spread of this study was the revival of ancient philosophical trains of thought which viewed the world as an emanation of the Deity; and these philosophical speculations invested with a new force and significance the old notions of magic, and the practices, including the dangerous excursions in astrology and alchemy, which had been suggested by them. At the same time, the Hebrew Renaissance, a kind of offshoot of the Greek, occupied itself with the cabbalistic or secret books

of later Jewish literature. Conscious of their mastery of a knowledge which they revealed to the vulgar just far enough to make them wonder and stare, the *scholastici vagantes*, or wandering scholars, who constituted themselves the 'travellers' of the new fraternity of learning, found their way into all parts of Europe, into courts, universities, and other haunts of the studious and the curious, of those eager in the pursuit of wealth and of those athirst for pleasure. Such travellers were the renowned physician Theophrastus Paracelsus; the cosmopolitan extension lecturer Giordano Bruno (whose direct influence upon Goethe is, by the way, notable); and Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, the fame of whose world-wide wanderings and of the canine familiar of his later days had spread into England and throughout Europe. He was a native of Cologne; and the whole of the German West was full of the class of men of which he was the exemplar—from Cologne and the neighbouring Low Countries up to Heidelberg and Tübingen, where they found points of contact with the cabbalistic learning of the three-tongued Reuchlin, with the militant humanism of Ulrich von Hutten, and with the polyhistoric curiosity of Abbot Trithem of Sponheim, who is so intimately associated with the real Faust or Faustus.

The Reformation had by no means put a stop to the current. It had necessarily made a deep breach in the power of the Church to resist and overthrow the Devil and all his works, and his black magic in particular; but, so far as the multitude was concerned, no substitute was furnished by the reasoned faith of the individual. As Luther's own heroic revolt had been followed by a compromise, so the Reformation with which he was identified asserted—not tacitly, but with loud insistence—its maintenance of the belief in the Devil, and in the whole world of magic and sorcery of which he—like Satan enthroned on the Blocksberg in Walpurgis-night—was the central personage. Thus there came to pass the paradoxical result—over which

on earth few wept but the sufferers—that the century of the Reformation and that which ensued were the period in the history of the civilised West when the degrading beliefs in witchcraft and cognate superstitions were there most widely and most firmly held. And nowhere were they more prevalent, and more disastrous in their consequences of persecution and judicial murder, than in Protestant lands—in the England of Queen Elizabeth and King James I, whose national history and literature alike abound in blood-stained pages attesting the strength and pertinacity of this moral epidemic, and in contemporary Germany, where ‘the scholar-errant with the Devil’s bans’ (to quote the title of one of Hans Sachs’s interludes) was so familiar a figure; where, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, religious belief was bound hard and fast by governmental formularies of ‘concord’ which drilled the individual conscience into abject slavery; and where the universities, far from being the homes of intellectual freedom, presented a combination which at Wittenberg Luther himself had lived to deplore—an ugly blend between the presumptuous arrogance of the pedants in the academic chairs and the unbridled licence of a large proportion of their students.

Such—in brief—were some of the elements which entered into the general idea of the German *Faust*-story and were, one and all of them, transferred by Marlowe into his English tragedy. The traces of historical fact in the story, and the questions of the name and personality of its hero, have been the subject of an immense amount of literary and antiquarian research, which cannot be summarised here. The very name of ‘Faust’ or ‘Faustus’ has a long and complicated history. If the ‘Doctor’s’ original surname had the shorter, German, form, it was very possibly ‘Fust’ (though the long-lived notion that the magician Faust and the early painter Fust were identical must be rejected), and was Latinised into a form which was often bestowed as a name on account

of its significance (= *Fortunatus*), and was borne by various personages of note—among them a Faustus said to have been rescued at Antioch for Christianity by St. Peter out of the hands of Simon Magus, and a Manichaean bishop whom St. Augustine worsted in controversy.

The Christian name of Dr. Faustus in the story is invariably 'John' (Johannes)—Goethe only re-christened him 'Henry' because of the domestic associations which the name 'Johann' could not but suggest to a German audience—though a Georgius Sabellicus (who called himself 'Faustus junior') has found his way into some of the records. The historical Doctor (Johannes) Faust can be traced back on satisfactory evidence to 1520, five years before the date recording his visit written on the wall of Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig, and is mentioned again in 1536, and, though with less certainty of circumstance, at some later dates. In 1562 he is spoken of at length by Melancthon as a native of Kundling (Knittlingen in Württemberg) and a practitioner of magic in both Italy and Germany; and he is stated by this 'first-class' witness to have twice escaped from imprisonment (on one occasion at Wittenberg) by flight, and to have come to his end 'a few years ago' in a village of his native land, 'being found in the morning dead in his bed with his face twisted'—'so the devil had killed him'. The same account mentions Faust's dog, 'who was the Devil'. The man is also referred to in Luther's posthumously published *Table-Talk*. There are several mentions of the same personage in the twenty years following—the last, a circumstantial one, in a work on magic by Augustin Lercheimer, a pupil of Melancthon, in 1585. Thus we are carried to within a few years of the appearance of the *Faustbuch*, into which, indeed, are introduced several anecdotes about magicians related by Lercheimer, and notably his account of the attempted conversion of Faust by an old pious man.

Of the *Faustbuch* itself, either in its German form

or in the English version, nothing further can be said here. Its composite character indicates varied reading on the part of the compiler—chiefly, no doubt, ‘encyclopaedic’, in the sense of second-hand, but coloured by an acquaintance with the Manichaeian notions familiar to the later as well as the earlier Middle Ages, which was perhaps not wholly superficial. The wide popularity of the book is, however, due less to its execution than to its substance, which, as stated above, supplied Marlowe with nearly all the principal incidents and characters of his tragedy. No other source has been discovered as contributory to this. The extant ballad, ‘On the Judgement of God showed upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity’, is possibly identical with that entered on the Stationers’ Registers in February, 1589 (N.S.); but even so it may be concluded to have been founded on the play, rather than vice versa. The supplementary *Wagnerbuch*, which narrates the exploits of Faust’s *famulus* Wagner (of course a mere expansion of those of the Doctor himself), was not published till 1593, when it seems to have been immediately translated into English. Had Marlowe been able to make use of it, he could hardly have failed to follow the author in carrying his hero into the New World, so enthralling to Elizabethan audiences and readers.

But Marlowe had, as has been seen, matter enough, and stimulus enough, for the construction of the fable of his drama. That his personal experiences had in some measure helped to attract him to its subject, is possible; but we really know very little about them. The son of respectable parents (his father was a small tradesman and ultimately became parish clerk) and educated in a school of good standing under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, he had passed on to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, as a boy full of promise intended, in the regular course of things, to qualify for holy orders. There is nothing to show that he fell under the influence of ‘lewd wags’, such as those in whose company Robert Greene,

according to his own confession, 'consumed the flower of his youth' at Cambridge, a few years before Marlowe's arrival in the University. Still more hazardous would it be to assert that he was impressed by the tendency to free thinking on religious subjects in which one member of his college who left it just before Marlowe came up indulged. He took his B.A. degree—apparently what nowadays would be called a 'good degree'—in the same year (1584) as Thomas Nashe of St. John's; but there is no reason to suppose that at Cambridge he was acquainted with that ingenious personage, with whom he afterwards wrote a play in common. Probably Marlowe remained in residence at Cambridge till 1587, when he graduated as M.A.; but either in that year or earlier he plunged into London life, and became a writer for the stage. It is in this year that he is stated to have translated the *Helenae Raptus* of Coluthus, thus giving proof of the taste for classical poetry which he had nourished at Cambridge. It is rather stretching a point to speak of Marlowe's classical scholarship; even his immortal apostrophe to

The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium

—which in part reproduces a passage of his own *Tamburlaine*—might have been suggested to him at second-hand; on the other hand, it was without the affectation of ancient learning which is so tiresome in some contemporary University wits. Neither the intellectual conceit which characterised certain gentlemen students from the Universities who shone upon the London of this period, nor the spirit of lawlessness which pervaded some of them, can fairly be brought home to Christopher Marlowe, who in 1587 found in London a sudden fame, and six years afterwards was there borne to an early grave.

The achievement of *Tamburlaine*, of which the *First Part* was almost certainly produced on the stage in 1587, and of which the *Second Part* followed quickly

on the *First*, was such as to place its author, though he can hardly have been known except as a playwright, in the forefront of those who commanded the attention of the London public. The extraordinary popularity of *Tamburlaine* is attested by the concurrent evidence of parodistic quotation and of imitation by a would-be rival (Greene in *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*), not to speak of the demand for a *Second Part*. Nor was the mark which it made in our literature evanescent, 'it initiated,' says Mr. Churton Collins, 'the history of our romantic drama'; and the solid strength of its versification was symbolical of a general earnestness and vigour of workmanship sufficient at once to elevate the form of poetry of which it was the first great example on our stage. The *Second Part* was worthy of the first; and though the character of Zenocrate, as has been well said, showed that the young poet 'had not yet learned to depict a woman', it was the occasion of some beautiful and impassioned verse. And now, with this sudden triumph, came Marlowe's own time of trial. The great times of which an echo made itself heard in his second play, *Doctor Faustus*, were at their height; and the life of the theatre, like that of the world it mirrored, was being lived at high pressure. And there were few anchorages on the coast of Bohemia. Yet we should be slow in founding conclusions as to Marlowe's ways of life in London on the two isolated incidents of which, apart from the recorded performances of his plays, a record has alone come down to us. In May, 1593, he was summoned before the Privy Council; and in the same month he met with his death at Deptford, in a tavern brawl. The summons may have been due to a quite trivial cause, and his violent death may have been more or less the result of accident. When his contemporaries called to mind how, in the words of the Chorus in *Doctor Faustus*—

Out was the branch that might have grown full straight
—they wrote of him as of one whose memory they honoured: so Peele, Nashe, Chapman (who continued

his version of *Hero and Leander*), Drayton, and together with them the most observant and wide-hearted 'shepherd' in all Arcady. That there was no foundation for the charges of atheism and blasphemy brought against him by an embittered controversialist, and unctuously repeated by others, it would be impossible to affirm; but the imputation of 'vices sent from hell' to men of genius (and others) is in itself often the result of thoughtlessness. In any case it would be idle to bring Marlowe's supposed aberrations into any sort of connexion with his second play, which was in all probability completed between four and five years before his death.

The external evidence for the conclusion that *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* was first performed some time before February, 1589, and very possibly in 1588, is not absolutely convincing; but it is borne out by the internal evidence of certain historical allusions in the text of the play, and more especially by the character of its versification. In this respect *Doctor Faustus* stands midway between *Tamburlaine* and *Edward II*, neither rigidly adhering to the rule of terminating each line by a single syllable, nor admitting the free use of double-endings characteristic of Marlowe's latest, and maturest, play. The success of *Doctor Faustus* on the stage, where the title-part was acted by Alleyn, can hardly have been inferior to that of *Tamburlaine*, and Greene, as has been seen, again acknowledged it by producing an imitation. That Marlowe's second tragedy holds an enduring place among the great works of the English drama—a description which can hardly be applied to *Tamburlaine*—was not only due to the felicitous choice of a theme almost unique in its human significance and interest. Marlowe's classical training and the enthusiasm for classical mythology and poetry no doubt facilitated his wonderfully rapid acquisition of a mastery over a form which he established as that of English dramatic poetry, and which in his own hands proved itself capable of a further progress towards varied perfection. But he was born

a great poet; and *Doctor Faustus* contains passages which will only die with our language. The dramatist's tragic power is sufficiently attested by the terror-compelling scenes with which this play closes, and among which the final scene, imitated though it has been (in the first instance by Lodge and Greene in their *Looking Glasse for London and England*), remains in its way unapproached. The characters were rough-hewn and transferred without much nicety of setting from the old story-book; but their movement—rapid, resolute, and real—gives opportunities for mighty bursts of passion, and even for thrilling touches of pathos.

Of comic power there is no trace in *Faustus*, though it contains plenty of buffoonery. Marlowe was, as a playwright, of course hampered by the conditions of the contemporary theatre. The play may very possibly on its original production have already contained 'additions', consisting no doubt mainly in comic scenes or passages from another hand than Marlowe's; and that hand may have been Thomas Dekker's—a fellow craftsman not without dramatic genius, and certainly possessed of a strong vein of humour. In September, 1594, more than a year after Marlowe's death, the play was again put on the stage, naturally enough, together with other plays by the same author; but it was not entered on the Stationers' Registers for printing till 1601, and the date of the earliest extant edition is 1604. Before the last-mentioned date it had certainly undergone considerable revision; and the edition of 1616 contains further 'additions', which may be in substance ascribed to William Birde and Samuel Rowley; though of course these passages may in part have been reminiscences of what had been left out in the edition of 1604. Whether or not the earlier set of 'additions' ('earlier' at least in date of publication) made up the whole of the comic scenes then contained in the play, and whether or not they were all Dekker's—there is no proof that Marlowe himself was guilty of any or most of this comic or of other episodic padding. On the other hand, there is no proof that

he was not—there is nothing improbable in the supposition ; and, if most of this stuff is unworthy of Marlowe, so it is of Dekker. The Good and Evil Angel, as has been already pointed out, were not found by Marlowe in the *Faustbuch* ; nor was Cornelius Agrippa ; nor were the Seven Deadly Sins, who are, however, familiar figures in our early literature, and out of whom the famous clown, Tarleton, formed an extemporal play in 1592. The Chorus (the actor who speaks the Prologue and the passages which at various points in the action expedite its progress) was of course added by the dramatist ; and it is the Chorus whose concluding lines supply with so much dignity and depth the comment which to Marlowe and his contemporaries seemed sufficiently to summarize the tremendous moral of his tragedy.

On the English stage, while Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, as was seen, directly imitated Marlowe's play, and reminiscences of it, or resemblances to it, are traceable in many of our early dramas, the story of Doctor Faustus survived after a fashion during the seventeenth and nearly the whole of the eighteenth century ; but it can scarcely claim to have reappeared during this period in our national literature. The Latin didactic romance, *Nova Solyma, the Ideal City, or Jerusalem Regained* (1648), of which its recent translator made an unsuccessful attempt to prove Milton to have been the author, in one of its episodes, entitled 'The Remarkable Case of Theophrastus', tells the story of an alchemist who entered into a contract with the Evil One. This narrative furnishes the solitary treatment of the theme in modern literature before Goethe's *Faust*, in which the wiles of the Devil are worsted, and the sinner is in the end reconciled with God. The English stage, on the contrary, consistently applied itself to a degradation of the theme. William Mountford's *Life and Death of Doctor Faustus* (produced between 1684 and 1688) is a farce of which part is borrowed from Molière, while the rest is harlequinade. There ensued, besides Powell's puppet-play

of the early seventeenth century, a long series of pantomimes, ending with a *Harlequin Doctor Faustus*, or *the Devil will have his own*, which received the honour of print so late as 1793.

Long before this, as has already been noted, the story of *Faust* had found its way back in a dramatic form to the country of its origin; and it was on the popular stage, or very probably in the puppet-theatre, that the subject was first introduced to the notice of the young Goethe and his contemporaries. But it could not have been otherwise than that this subject should be recovered for German literature in an age when that literature was throwing off the shackles of French classicism and, fortified by the example of the English drama in particular, was combining with the pursuit of new ideals a preference for stronger and freer—in a word, romantic—methods. Lessing, the master-spirit of the self-emanicipating movement in the world of German culture, drew up two plans of a drama on the subject of *Faust*, but he left behind him only a single scene—an original variant of the opening adopted by both Marlowe and Goethe. And now there burst into life the strange movement in the intellectual world of Germany which is known in literary history by the name of an indigestible drama by one of the foremost members of the school—if school it can be called—Klinger's *Sturm und Drang*. By this group of writers—nearly all of them young men, with whom however some of their elders sympathetically associated themselves—Goethe, of whose magnetic attractiveness at this stage of his life testimonies abound, was tacitly regarded as their chief; and, wherever in these years he happened to be residing, he appears in the midst of some of the representatives of the movement. By his own confession, he entered, heart and soul, into the revolutionary ardour which animated his fellows, and into many of the vagaries in which they strove to surpass one another; and his earlier masterpieces, *Götz von Berlichingen*, the *Sorrows of Werther*, and *Faust* itself, even in its final

version, exhibit unmistakable traces of the influences which, with the companions of his enthusiasm, he underwent and courted. But the self-control which never wholly deserted him, and the sense of beauty which was part of his being, and which in Italy he only refined, kept him back from a more than occasional lapse into the savage licence of ideas and the grotesque extravagance of form in which it was their common pride to indulge, and by which some, though not all, of them were ultimately submerged. Among the many things which they made it part of their eccentric cult to abhor or despise—including the demands of 'honour' and the less artificial restraints of decorum—were learning and the sciences, together with the professions whose rewards crowned their successful pursuit; literature itself was in their esteem but a tinkling cymbal; one study alone was worth undertaking—that of man; one criterion of truth and loveliness was alone admissible—that of the heart and the human feelings to which it beat in response. Their literary models were writers in whom they recognised, or thought they recognised—the triumph of the direct expression of human character and human emotions over all rules and restraints—the 'divine' Shakespeare above all, who 'breathed his vital spirit into the mummies of his historic heroes'. The subjects of their own works they professed to take by preference direct from life—from the real life that is around them, which they deemed emphatically real in its 'human' problems (often hovering on the confines of incest and bigamy) and in its horrors—horrors in the eyes of the law, in the truer judgement of the human heart explicable and pardonable errors. 'There is no species of crime,' writes one of these students of life, 'of which our century has not one or two specimens to exhibit—regicides are quartered, parricides and fratricides broken on the wheel, infanticide mothers beheaded.' Infanticide in particular was a crime by which the German poets of the age—from Bürger to Schubarth and Schiller—were much exercised; as well as, it must be said, the public conscience generally and

those who were desirous of humanising the operation of a harsh system of penal law. A boundless audacity and an infinite compassion—these were the two motives, neither of them ignoble, which predominated with the combatants of the *Storm and Stress* in the choice and treatment of their literary and especially their dramatic subjects.

Faust, then, was in the air as well as on the popular stage and in the puppet-theatre. The hero of the story was manifestly, says one of these writers, a 'big fellow' (*grosser Kerl*), of the Titanic type dear to these 'besiegers of heaven'. With what problems of life and humanity could not such a personage—who feared neither God nor devil, and whom magic could render multiform and ubiquitous—be brought face to face! Among those who dealt with this attractive theme was Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger, already mentioned above, a man to whose strength of will and masculine energy a long and distinguished career bears witness (he was the son of humble Frankfort parents and died as a Russian general, a year before Goethe—1831). Klinger's *Faust's Life, Deeds, and Descent into Hell*,¹ a prose romance in five books, was not published till 1791; but the work, as the author told Goethe in a well-known letter, was a picture of long mental and moral struggles, which, after Goethe's own fashion, he liberated his soul by depicting after he had surmounted them. Klinger identifies *Faust* with the Mainz printer—a baseless tradition which in England was kept alive by Defoe in his *History of the Devil*, and which is not quite dead yet. In Klinger's story it is *Faust* who summons his attendant spirit Leviathan to his service from the foot of the throne of Satan, surrounded by his 'princes, potentates, and immortal spirits'. Leviathan presents himself in a red mantle, with 'nothing of a cloven hoof'. Together the pair pass

¹ Translated into English by W. J. Thoms. Klinger afterwards published at 'Bagdad', in 1797, *The Faust of the Orientals* (Ben Hafi's stories of travels before the Deluge).

through the world as a kind of avengers of wickedness, and end their experiences near home in Frankfort and abroad (at the court of Lewis XI, with the Princes in the Tower, and so forth), by strangling that master of sacrilegious crime, Pope Alexander Borgia. Broken-hearted and broken-spirited in spite of his achievements, Faust returns home to find that there his ill-deeds and even his good have borne accursed fruit; the nun Clara, whom he had seduced, murders their child. In vain he is apostrophized by the spirit of the old man his father—his doom is upon him; and he is torn to pieces by exulting fiends. The coincidences between this powerful, though old-fashioned, romance and Goethe's *Faust*, are probably fortuitous, and beyond a doubt unconscious.

Such was not the case with *Die Kindesmörderin* (the Infanticide), a drama by Henrich Leopold Wagner, published in 1776, in which the story of Gretchen is reproduced in its essentials, though transplanted into modern life, and into the atmosphere of prose. There can hardly be any doubt that the indebtedness was at least mainly on the side of Wagner, who was a writer of ability, but of the second class, and given to literary tricks, one of which, in 1775, led to his estrangement from Goethe (he died in 1779). The *Kindesmörderin* borrowed both from Jacob Michael Reinhold Lenz and from Goethe's still unprinted 'fragment' of *Faust*. The general theme of this crude, but in its way impressive, domestic tragedy (to which Schiller's *Cabale und Liebe* seems to owe the character of the old musician Miller) was, as has been said, very much abroad at the time; the sleeping draught was of course taken from *Clariissa Harlowe*, but the song which Evchen sings before the murder of her child must have been modelled on that of Margaret in prison; the fainting in church recurs, as do the names of Martha and Liscl (Lieschen).

Lastly, a very popular writer of the *Storm and Stress* group, Friedrich Müller, commonly called Maler Müller, after, in 1778, he had transferred his activity from letters to painting, composed a *Faust's Leben*, of which

Part I was composed in the year of his departure from Germany. This work is described by Dr. R. Sauer in his very interesting work *Stürmer und Dränger*, to which this Introduction is under great obligations, as a production wherein 'caricatured *diablerie* of the grotesque sort alternates with the maddest and coarsest scenes filled with students and Jews, the whole being seasoned with literary and personal satire, and not loosely held together by the personality of Faust.' The four further Parts which succeeded the First still remain in MS.; but a remarkable scene or episode which, under the title of *Situation aus Faust's Leben*, Müller published in 1776, before the appearance of the First Part, gives an insight into the inventive ability and picturesqueness of style that undoubtedly distinguished the author. This fragment shows us Faust interrupted, when at the height of his glory he pays court to the Queen of Arragon, by the appearance of Mephistopheles, who reminds him that half the period of the twenty-four years fixed in the bond between them has just come to an end. The production is dedicated to 'the Spirit of Shakespeare'—a piece of impudence which brought down upon the author the voluble but very gratifying wrath of Wieland. A more sincere flattery is the opening of the 'Situation', in which Satan, Pfertoll (Madhorse) and Moloch meet in a dark cave (in the corresponding scene of Part I of *Faust's Leben* it is a ruined Gothic church), very much like the witches in *Macbeth*.

To Goethe alone in this strange company—in this eager and impatient section of the *Pandaemonium germanicum*, where Lenz figured himself and his friend wandering like the two Athenians among the *Birds*—the theme of Faust became a link which accompanied him through life and developed with every stage of his own development. His heart was in the theme from his passionate student-days at Strassburg to the period of tranquil activity in which, more than threescore years later, his life closed at Weimar. He interwove with it the experiences of life which to him were the

most precious and the most memorable—his love for Friderike and his desertion of the lovely girl, whose sweet intelligent *naïveté* charms us from the lips of Margaret, to his communings with the most intimate of the counsellors of his early manhood, 'Mephistopheles' Merck. The theme accompanied him on the Italian journey which completed the transformation of so much in his views of life and art; for, as is well known, he wrote the scene of the *Witch's Kitchen* in the gardens of the Villa Borghese at Rome. Here also he wrote the scene superscribed *Forest and Cavern*, with the apostrophe to the 'lofty spirit' who must be the 'Spirit of the Earth' of the first scene of the poem—an apostrophe retained in all the editions of *Faust*, though it is in truth irreconcilable with Faust's failure to compel that spirit and with his subsequent self-abandonment to the Devil, whose agent, not the agent of the Spirit of the Earth, Mephistopheles is. In Italy he also seems to have first sketched the plan of the *Second Part*; and thence he brought back the subject as a whole, to be ultimately transformed, as he had himself been, by the renaissance of classical antiquity in the figure symbolising its beauty—*Helena*.

Thus the study of the growth of Goethe's *Faust* cannot but be described as a task of great complexity and exceptional difficulty, and has legitimately occupied efforts almost unparalleled of literary and biographical research and criticism—from Kuno Fischer and Düntzer to Bielschowsky. Here a few words must suffice. It is certain that the idea of dramatising the story of *Faust*, in its full significance as the story of humanity, had occupied Goethe's mind for some time before, in 1772, he put part of it on paper—as it would seem in response to the demand of his friend Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter, to whom and other friends of the Table Round at Wetzlar he had spoken of his *Faust* project. Among the earliest portions of the drama reproduced in later printed versions were the opening soliloquy, the appearance of the Spirit of the Earth, and part of the colloquy between Professor Mephisto-

pheles and the student—this last, however, in a cruder form—full of students' talk and jests. Then there was added the tragedy of Margaret, the prison-scene being originally in prose; and under the date of 1774 we learn that *Faust* was nearly ready, and that Goethe read it out in MS. to his friend Heinrich Christian Boie, and soon afterwards to Knebel, Merck, and many others. It accompanied him to Weimar, where towards the close of 1775 he read it out at Court, and where Fräulein Louisa von Göchhausen took a copy of the *Urfaust*, which was given to the world so late as 1887. And thus, in the midst of the distractions of court life and of the hard administrative labours which were not to be forgotten as essential to the development of man's nature in the *Second Part* of *Faust*, the work remained with Goethe as, so to speak, part of himself, and became known to an increasing number of friends and admirers, though only as 'a piece of a piece'. After he had brought it back from Italy, he at last—in 1790—published it, avowedly as 'a fragment', and evidently for a time with the intention that it should remain such. Goethe had returned from Italy a different man in more ways than one. He now looked with dissatisfaction upon what seemed to him the ultra-passionate naturalism of certain of the scenes which he had written—above all the soliloquy of Valentine and the prose prison-scene; and by omitting them left the tragic-story itself a fragment within a fragment. Nor had he the heart to rewrite any part of what it had been arranged to publish in the seventh volume of his collected works. Thus, for instance, the delectable notion of an academic disputation, to which the dialogue between Mephistopheles and the student was abandoned for ever. Only a chip or two of this remain in the *Paralipomena*—among the rest Mephistopheles' delightful expression of contempt for 'honest doubt'. Of this lassitude the explanation is clear: the inspiration which had long infused itself into Goethe's literary labours had ceased—his love for Charlotte von Stein was no more.

And for a long time it seemed probable that *Faust* would remain the fragment as which it had been first given to the world in 1790. Goethe's active participation, in the troubled period which followed upon the outbreak of the French Revolution, in public affairs—including military expeditions—necessarily for some years put a stop to his literary productivity, and when, under the influence of his friendship with Schiller, it was resumed, it seemed to lead his genius into calmer spheres, with which the romantic associations and the personal passions interwoven with them had little in common. But no! the poet in him had been re-awakened, and his interest in the theme of *Faust* was revived. To the year 1797 belongs the beautiful poem which Goethe afterwards prefixed under the title of 'Dedication' to the *First Part* of *Faust*, and the visions of his youth surrounded him once more. He was hereupon chiefly occupied with the task—specially characteristic of the conceptions of literature and art which he had cherished since his return from Italy—of continuing the *Iliad* under the title of the *Achilleis*; and, as the figure of Helen rose before him, there rose with it the desire of completing that part of *Faust* of which she was to be the central personage. Thus, together with some scenes in the *First Part*, he had already composed fragments of the *Second*, when various causes, public and private—among them the death of Schiller—interfered; so that, when in 1808 *Faust* was republished once more, it still consisted only of a single part, and this was—as it now seemed, definitively—brought out as a fragment. Its new ingredients were, however, of importance. To the contents of the first edition, of 1790, was now added, in the first instance, the *Dedication* which in so beautiful a fashion attests the enduring connexion between the author's life and its favourite literary theme. Then followed (also new) the shrewdly humorous and instructive *Prelude at the Theatre*, and the marvellous *Prologue in Heaven*—known to English readers chiefly through Shelley's version, though omitted by an early

translator of *Faust*, who was of opinion that 'the tone of levity with which it treats matters of the most sacred nature must be repugnant to English feelings'—an astounding confession of ignorance of mediæval literature and of ready acquiescence in the narrowness of mind common in the English literary public of the age. The 1808 fragment also added the entire series of scenes from *Faust's* attempt at suicide and his abandonment of it at the sound of the Easter bells to the compact with Mephistopheles, besides the entrance and death of Valentine, the Walpurgis-night and return of *Faust*, and the prison-scene, now in verse. It will be seen at a glance how much of what is poetically most beautiful in the *First Part* of *Faust* is accordingly the work of Goethe's maturity. The versification of the prison-scene shows his mastery of his art; and the diction of the scene illustrates his poetic instinct in carrying on the character of Margaret, without a single violent transition, from simple maiden to tragic heroine. The Walpurgis-night is a wonderful device of genius, as designed to represent the Devil's attempt to drown the conscience of *Faust*, at the time when Margaret is suffering from their joint sin, in the flood of sensual enjoyment typified by the witches' Sabbath; but the poet seems to have felt himself unable to carry it out in accordance with his original intention. The *Paralipomena* contain some of the unused material for this scene, which certainly go further in wild obscenity than could be tolerated by even the most independent of theatres. Thus the scene had to be left in a more or less fragmentary condition; nor can it be held a happy thought which substituted for the height of the action (however unspeakable might have been the adequate presentment of its original conception) the interlude of a *Walpurgis-night's Dream*. In Bielschowsky's words, this is in fact 'nothing but a heap of *Xenia* which had remained even from the great hurricane' of satirical distichs on their literary and political contemporaries, launched by Goethe and Schiller in the year 1796. They accord-

ingly nowadays require a commentary such as would fatigue a good many readers; and we may not uncharitably conclude that they were 'caviare to the general' even in the days of Mieding, the worthy mechanic and property-man of the Weimar theatre.

When Goethe brought out the 1808 edition of *Faust*, he had lost much of his sympathy with the motive idea of the story as he had first taken it over from popular tradition—the conception of a man ambitious to know, and to learn through experience what books had failed to teach him. Yet from the first Goethe, in accordance with the notions of the age in which he lived, and with the inspirations of his own genius, had expanded this conception into the general idea of a presentment of 'striving and erring humanity', and had invested this idea with flesh and blood by projecting into it much of his own personality. He had at the same time consciously shaken off a style of writing which accommodated itself to mediæval themes and romantic folk-lore; and Schiller had strengthened the twofold tendency to a transformation of the theme and to a refinement of the form in which it was treated. Thus, when in the course of years he once more took up the subject—this time to add a *Second Part* and bring the whole to a consummation—he had in his mind completely identified the figure of Faust with struggling humanity, and come to regard him as its type. The particular aspects under which he was treated as such in the completed dramatic poem were those under which Goethe's own activity in life presents itself to us—whether as an administrator or as a man of letters; but they are all subordinated to the general point of view of humanity aspiring to perfection. This must suffice to indicate what lay at the root of the design of the *Second Part* of *Faust*, as finished by Goethe shortly before his death, and published posthumously in 1832, together with the *First Part*—no longer a 'fragment'—as it had appeared in 1808. The *First Part* of *Faust* cannot be fully judged without the *Second*, because 'the evolution of the subject in the

mind of the author—the process which was of course at times proleptic and at times retrospective—was not completed till he had carried out his final conception of it as a whole. And the intellectual triumph of the achieved comprehension of the whole in the framework of a single poem must be described as in its way unparalleled. Yet, though in this sense the *First Part* cannot be judged without the *Second*, yet the *First*, as has been shown in these few pages, historically stands by itself, and was not altered by Goethe when he continued the work. If the *First Part* still remains a fragment, it is such in the sense in which the lives of most men and the histories of most nations are fragments. What is past in them can be neither mended nor recalled; but that which is great in them is not wholly past, and that which is good continues to move onward, heavenward.

Among the English translations of *Part I* of Goethe's *Faust*, that by Dr. John Anster was one of the earliest, and still holds a place of its own. Some extracts from it were printed so long ago as 1820—before any part of the poem had appeared in an English dress, in other words before the date of the translation of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, afterwards Lord Ellesmere (1823), that of Professor Blackie's (1824), and that of Abraham Hayward's prose version (1833). (There were at least two others, of no particular note.) The whole of Anster's translation of the *First Part* appeared in 1835, under the title of *Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery*, together with a translation of *The Bride of Corinth*, and a lyric entitled *The First Walpurgis Night*. It was frequently reprinted in both England and Germany, and was, in 1864, followed by a translation of the *Second Part*.

Anster's version cannot, like Hayward's rather bald prose translation, claim to have been the first to enable English readers to follow closely the meaning of the original; nor can it be compared as a work of scholarship to the translation by the late Miss Anna Swanwick (1849), recently reprinted with an introduction and

notes by Dr. Karl Breul, or in technical skill to the version from the expert hand of Sir Theodore Martin (1865); while in both textual and metrical fidelity it must yield the palm to the translation published at Boston in 1871 by Mr. Bayard Taylor. Anster's work—a labour of love, undertaken in circumstances of some difficulty, as he was a barrister at Dublin, where he afterwards became Regius Professor of Civil Law—is a version so 'free' that it has been called an 'imitation' rather than a translation. But this is going too far, though the lines in the English text are stated to exceed those in the German by one-seventh, and in certain cases exhibit a much larger excess. As an inevitable result, much of the terseness of the original and with it not a little of the simplicity, *naïveté*, and pathos of particular passages, are lost in the translation. On the other hand, Anster is, if the circumstances be considered, remarkably successful in preserving the fluency, and in many passages some of the force, of Goethe's text; nor can it be denied that in the choice of epithets as well as in the turn of sentences he frequently displays a singular facility and felicity. Still, his version should not be examined too closely; it should rather be read as a whole and rapidly—a process which its best qualities suit better than those of any other translation of *Faust* with which I at least am acquainted. It thus deserves a welcome from those who (to adapt an appropriate phrase in Anster's own *Preface*) are prepared to concede that a poem, after all, will be judged—and, it may be added, ought to be judged—as a poem.

A. W. WARD.

BRAEMAR,
September, 1907.

CONTENTS

	PAGES
THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.	
BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE	1-50
GOETHE'S FAUST, PART I. TRANSLATED BY	
JOHN ANSTER	51-235

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS
BY
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES, } friends to FAUSTUS.
CORNELIUS, }

WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner.

Horse-courser.

A Knight.

An Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCKER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sins.

Devils.

Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his
Paramour, and of HELEN.

Chorus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians ;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love ;
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd ;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse :
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad :
To patient judgements we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes :
Of riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology ;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow ;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy ;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss :
And this the man that in his study sits. *[Exit.*

SCENE I. FAUSTUS'S STUDY

FAUSTUS *discovered.*

FAUSTUS. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess :
 Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me !
Bene disserere est finis logices.

Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?
 Affords this art no greater miracle ?
 Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end.
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
 Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
 Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus* ;
 Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,
 And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure !

Summum bonum medicinae sanitas :
 The end of physic is our body's health.
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?
 Is not thy common talk found aphorisms ?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand desp'rate maladies been eas'd ?
 Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
 Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
 Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell ! Where is Justinian ? [Reads.
*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter
 valorem rei, &c.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies ! [Reads.
Exhaereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
 Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law :
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash ;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best :
Jerome's Bible, Faustus ; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha ! Stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death : that's hard. [*Reads.*
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas :
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,
and there's no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die :
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera :*
What will be, shall be ? Divinity, adieu !
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly ;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters ;
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan !
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command : emperors and kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds ;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man ;
A sound magician is a mighty god :
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity !

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius ;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAGNER. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

FAUSTUS. Their conference will be a greater help
to me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

GOOD ANGEL. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book
aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

EVIL ANGEL. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous
art

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt Angels.*]

FAUSTUS. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference!
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last

To practise magic and conceal'd arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physio are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

VALDES. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our
experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learn'd Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

CORNELIUS. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is ground'd in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:

Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Aye, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my
soul!

Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VALDES. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORNELIUS. Valdes, first let him know the words of
art;

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUSTUS. Then come and dine with me, and, after
meat,

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;

For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:

This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. BEFORE FAUSTUS'S HOUSE

Enter Two Scholars.

FIRST SCHOLAR. I wonder what 's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

SECOND SCHOLAR. That shall we know ; for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

FIRST SCHOLAR. How now, sirrah ! where's thy master ?

WAGNER. God in heaven knows.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Why, dost not thou know ?

WAGNER. Yes, I know ; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Go to, sirrah ! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

WAGNER. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't : therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest ?

WAGNER. Have you any witness on 't ?

FIRST SCHOLAR. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

WAGNER. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Well, you will not tell us ?

WAGNER. Yes, sir, I will tell you : yet, if you were not dupes, you would never ask me such a question ; for is not he *corpus naturale* ? and is not that *mobile* ? then wherefore should you ask me such a question ? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian.

and begin to speak thus :—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worships : and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren !
[*Exit.*]

FIRST SCHOLAR. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

FIRST SCHOLAR. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him !

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet let us try what we can do.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A GROVE

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise :
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii ! Valeat numen triplex

*Jehovae ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete !
Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et
Demogorgon, propitiatus vos, ut appareat et surgat
Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris : per Jehovah, Gehennam,
et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque
crucis quod nunc facio. et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat
nobis dicatus Mephistophilis !*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape ;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me :
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar ;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words :
Who would not be proficient in this art ?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility !
Such is the force of magic and my spells :
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis :
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou
have me do ?

FAUSTUS. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or th' ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave :
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS. Did not he charge thee to appear to me ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. No, I came hither of mine own
accord.

FAUSTUS. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee ?
speak.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul ;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS. So Faustus hath
Already done ; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub ;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word 'damnation' terrifies him not,
For he confounds hell in Elysium :
His ghost be with the old philosophers !
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Arch-regent and commander of all
spirits.

FAUSTUS. Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly
lov'd of God.

FAUSTUS. How comes it, then, that he is prince of
devils ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. O, by aspiring pride and insolence ;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUSTUS. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Unhappy spirits that fell with
Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. Where are you damn'd ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. In hell.

FAUSTUS. How comes it, then, that thou art out of
hell ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it :
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven.

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desp'rate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I will, Faustus. *[Exit.]*

FAUSTUS. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emp'ror of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emp'ror shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

SCENE IV. A STREET

Enter WAGNER and Clown.

WAGNER. Sirrah boy, come hither.

CLOWN. How, boy ! swowns, boy ! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have : boy, quotha !

WAGNER. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in ?

CLOWN. Aye, and goings out too. You may see else.

WAGNER. Alas, poor slave ! see how poverty josteth in his nakedness ! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

CLOWN. How ! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw ! not so, good friend : by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

WAGNER. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus* ?

CLOWN. How, in verse ?

WAGNER. No, sirrah ; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

CLOWN. How, how, knaves-acre ! aye, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do ye hear ? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

WAGNER. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

CLOWN. Oho, oho, staves-acre ! why, then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

WAGNER. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN. Do you hear, sir ? you may save that labour ; they are too familiar with me already : swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

WAGNER. Well, do you hear, sirrah ? hold, take these guilders. *[Gives money.]*

CLOWN. Gridirons, what be they ?

WAGNER. Why, French crowns.

CLOWN. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these ?

WAGNER. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. No, no ; here, take your gridirons again.

WAGNER. Truly, I'll none of them.

CLOWN. Truly, but you shall. "

WAGNER. Bear witness I gave them him.

CLOWN. Bear witness I give them you again.

WAGNER. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher !

CLOWN. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils : say I should kill one of them, what would folks say ? ' Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop ? he has killed the devil.' So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

*Enter two Devils ; and the Clown runs up
and down crying.*

WAGNER. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away !

[Exeunt Devils.]

CLOWN. What, are they gone ? a vengeance on them ! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil : I'll tell you how you shall know them ; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.

WAGNER. Well, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN. But, do you hear ? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos ?

WAGNER. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

CLOWN. How ! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat ! no, no, sir ; if you turn me into any thing, let it be into the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere.

WAGNER. Well, sirrah, come.

CLOWN. But, do you hear, Wagner ?

WAGNER. How !—Baliol and Belcher !

CLOWN. O Lord, I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAGNER. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*. [*Exit.*]

CLOWN. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him ; I'll serve him, that 's flat. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. FAUSTUS'S STUDY

FAUSTUS *discovered.*

FAUSTUS. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd :
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven ?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair ;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub :
Now go not backward ; no, Faustus, be resolute :
Why waver'st thou ? O, something soundeth in mine
ears,
' Abjure this magic, turn to God again !'
Aye, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God ? he loves thee not ;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub :
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

FAUSTUS. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

GOOD ANGEL. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

EVIL ANGEL. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy, That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

EVIL ANGEL. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt Angels.]

FAUSTUS. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,

Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul.

FAUSTUS. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;

For that security craves great Lucifer.

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUSTUS. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good

Will my soul do thy lord?

FAUST

o

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

FAUSTUS. Why, have you any pain that torture others ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. As great as have the human souls of men.

But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul ?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS. Aye, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own ;

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night !

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS. Aye, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*]

FAUSTUS. What might the staying of my blood portend ?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill ?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh ?

Faustus gives to thee his soul : ah, there it stay'd !

Why shouldst thou not ? is not thy soul thine own ?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Here 's fire ; come, Faustus, set it on.

FAUSTUS. So, now the blood begins to clear again ;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

MEPHISTOPHILIS. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul ? [*Aside.*

FAUSTUS. *Consummatum est* ; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm ?

Homo, fuge : whither should I fly ?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd ; here 's nothing writ :—

I see it plain ; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge : yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight
his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, who give crowns
and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.*

FAUSTUS. Spcak, Mephistophilis, what means this
show ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight
thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.

FAUSTUS. But may I raise up spirits when I please ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Aye, Faustus, and do greater things
than these.

FAUSTUS. Then there 's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul :
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Faustus, I swear by hell and
Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made !

FAUSTUS. Then hear me read them. [Reads]
On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever [he desires]. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, JOHN FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good on 't.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS. First will I question with thee about hell. Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS. Aye, but whereabout?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Within the bowels of these elements, Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS. Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Aye, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS. Aye, and body too: but what of that? Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine That, after this life, there is any pain? Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell.

FAUSTUS. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, &c.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUSTUS. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one;
for I will have one.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit
there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [Exit.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil drest like
a Woman, with fireworks.*

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou
like thy wife?

FAUSTUS. A plague on her!

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[Gives book.

The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

FAUSTUS. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would
I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and
incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Here they are in this book.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS. Now would I have a book where I might
see all characters and planets of the heavens, that
I might know their motions and dispositions.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Here they are too.

[Turns to them.]

FAUSTUS. Nay, let me have one book more,—and
then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants,
herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Here they be.

FAUSTUS. O, thou art deceived.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Tut, I warrant thee.

[Turns to them.]

SCENE VI. IN THE HOUSE OF FAUSTUS

FAUSTUS. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS. How prov'st thou that?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. 'Twas made for man, therefore is
man more excellent.

FAUSTUS. If it were made for man, 'twas made for
me;

I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

GOOD ANGEL. Faustus, repent ; yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL. Thou art a spirit ; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit ?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me ;
Aye, God will pity me, if I repent.

EVIL ANGEL. Aye, but Faustus never shall repent.
[*Exeunt Angels.*]

FAUSTUS. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent :
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus, thou art damn'd !' Then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to dispatch myself ;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death ?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis ?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair ?
I am resolv'd ; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Toll me, are there many heavens above the moon ?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. As are the elements, such are the
spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole ;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore* ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world ; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUSTUS. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide :
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill ?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets ?
The first is finish'd in a natural day ;
The second thus : as Saturn in thirty years ; Jupiter
in twelve ; Mars in four ; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury
in a year ; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush,
these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath
every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia* ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Aye.

FAUSTUS. How many heavens or spheres are there ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Nine ; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

FAUSTUS. Well, resolve me in this question : why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

FAUSTUS. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I will not.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUSTUS. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Aye, that is not against our kingdom ; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

GOOD ANGEL. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Remember this. *[Exit.*

FAUSTUS. Aye, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell !
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is 't not too late ?

EVIL ANGEL. Too late.

GOOD ANGEL. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

EVIL ANGEL. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

GOOD ANGEL. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *[Exit Angels.*

FAUSTUS. Aye, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul !

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

LUCIFER. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just
There's none but I have int'rest in the same.

FAUSTUS. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible ?

LUCIFER. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

FAUSTUS. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul !

LUCIFER. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us ;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contràry to thy promise :
Thou shouldst not think of God : think of the devil,
And of his dam too.

FAUSTUS. Nor will I henceforth : pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some
pastime : sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven
Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

FAUSTUS. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

LUCIFER. Talk not of Paradise nor creation ; but
mark this show : talk of the devil, and nothing else.
—Come away !

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names
and dispositions.

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the first ?

PRIDE. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents.
I am like Ovid's flea ; I can creep into every corner ;
sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon a wench's brow ;
or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. But, fie, what
a scent is here ! I'll not speak another word, except
the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of
arras.

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the second ?

COVETOUSNESS. I am Covetousness ; and, might
I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all
the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock
you up in my good chest, O my sweet gold !

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the third ?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor
mother : I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was
scarce half-an-hour old ; and ever since I have run up
and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding
myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born
in hell ; and look to it, for some of you shall be my
father.

FAUSTUS. What art thou, the fourth ?

ENVY. I am Envy, born of a chimney-sweeper and
an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all
books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat.
O, that there would come a famine through all the
world, that all might die, and I live alone ! then thou
shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit,
and I stand ? come down, with a vengeance !

FAUSTUS. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my god-mother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY. Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. I am Sloth. I was born on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY. Who, I, sir? The first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

LUCIFER. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.*] Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS. O, this feeds my soul!

LUCIFER. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS. O, might I see hell, and return again, How happy were I then!

LUCIFER. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.

In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly, And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS. Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. THE POPE'S PRIVY-CHAMBER

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents;
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,

Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space ;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time :
But tell me now what resting-place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Faustus, I have ; and, because we
will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness'
privy-chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Tut, 'tis no matter, man ; we'll be
bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts ;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome :
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year ;
Besides the gates, and high pyramids,
Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

FAUSTUS. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome :
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Nay, Faustus, stay : I know you'd
fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

FAUSTUS. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
 And by their folly make us merriment.
 Then charm me, that I
 May be invisible, to do what I please,
 Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. So, Faustus; now
 Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF LORRAINE to the banquet, with Friars attending.

POPE. My Lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near?

FAUSTUS. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

POPE. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

FIRST FRIAR. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

FAUSTUS. I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.

POPE. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

FAUSTUS. You say true; I'll ha't. [Snatches the dish.

POPE. What, again?—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

FAUSTUS. I'll pledge your grace. [Snatches the cup.

CARDINAL OF LORRAINE. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

POPE. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The POPE crosses himself.

FAUSTUS. What, are you crossing of yourself?
 Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The POPE crosses himself again.

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;

I give you fair warning.

[The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear ; and they all run away.]

Come on, Mephistophilis ; what shall we do ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Nay, I know not : we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUSTUS. How ! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell !

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

FIRST FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table ! maledicat Dominus !

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face ! maledicat Dominus !

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate ! maledicat Dominus !

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge ! maledicat Dominus !

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine ! maledicat Dominus !

Et omnes Sancti ! Amen !

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the Friars and fling fireworks among them ; and so exeunt.]

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so return'd home ;

Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
 I mean his friends and near'st companions,
 Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
 And in their conference of what befell,
 Touching his journey through the world and air,
 They put forth questions of astrology,
 Which Faustus answer'd with such learnèd skill
 As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
 Now is his fame spread forth in every land :
 Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
 Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
 Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
 What there he did, in trial of his art,
 I leave untold ; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.
[Exit.

SCENE VIII. NEAR AN INN

Enter ROBIN the Ostler, with a book in his hand.

ROBIN. O, this is admirable ! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use.

Enter RALPH, calling ROBIN.

RALPH. Robin, prithee, come away ; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean : he keeps such a chafing with my misress about it ; and she has sent me to look thee out ; prithee, come away.

ROBIN. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph : keep out, for I am about a roaring piece 'of work.

RALPH. Come, what doest thou with that same book ? thou canst not read ?

ROBIN. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read.

RALPH. Why, Robin, what book is that ?

ROBIN. What book ! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RALPH. Canst thou conjure with it ?

ROBIN. I can do all these things easily with it ; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing ; that 's one of my conjuring works.

RALPH. Our Master Parson says that 's nothing.

ROBIN. True, Ralph : and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid,—

RALPH. O, brave, Robin ! shall I have Nan Spit ? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

ROBIN. No more, sweet Ralph ; let 's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. THE SAME

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

ROBIN. Come, Ralph : did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book ? *Ecce, signum !* here 's a simple purchase for horse-keepers : our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

RALPH. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

ROBIN. Hush ! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

Drawer, I hope all is paid ; God be with you !—Come, Ralph.

VINTNER. Soft, sir ; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, here you go.

ROBIN. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet !—I scorn you ; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet ! search me.

FAUST

D,

VINTNER. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[Searches ROBIN.

ROBIN. How say you now ?

VINTNER. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—
You, sir !

RALPH. Me, sir ! me, sir ! search your fill. [Vintner searches him.] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

VINTNER. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

RALPH. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [Aside].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to imprach honest men ;—stand by ;—I'll scour you for a goblet ;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [Aside to RALPH].

VINTNER. What mean you, sirrah ?

ROBIN. I'll tell you what I mean. [Reads from a book] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [Aside to RALPH].—[Reads] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostū, Mephistophilis, &c.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs,
and then exit. They run about.*

VINTNER. *O, nomine Domine !* what meanest thou Robin ? thou hast no goblet.

RALPH. *Peccatum peccatorum !*—Here 's thy goblet, good Vintner. [Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit.

ROBIN. *Misericordia pro nobis !* what shall I do ? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey

Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,

Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,

How am I vexèd with these villains' charms !

From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

ROBIN. How, from Constantinople! you have had
a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse
to pay for your supper, and be gone?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Well, villains, for your presumption,
I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and
so be gone. *[Exit.]*

ROBIN. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have
fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH. And I must be a dog.

ROBIN. I' faith, thy head will never be out of the
pottage-pot. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X

THE EMPEROR'S COURT AT INNSBRUCK

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a Knight, with Attendants, among whom MEPHISTOPHILIS.

EMPEROR. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard
strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how
that none in my empire nor in the whole world can
compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they
say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst
accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my
request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill,
that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine
ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee,
by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever
thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or
endamaged.

KNIGHT. I' faith, he looks much like a conjurer.

[Aside.]

FAUSTUS. My gracious sovereign, though I must
confess myself far inferior to the report men have pub-
lished, and nothing answerable to the honour of your
imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me

thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

EMPEROR. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority :
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man :
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

KNIGHT. I' faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

FAUSTUS. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

KNIGHT. Aye, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

FAUSTUS. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your

grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate ; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

EMPEROR. Go to, Master Doctor ; let me see them presently.

KNIGHT. Do you hear, Master Doctor ? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor !

FAUSTUS. How then, sir ?

KNIGHT. I' faith, that 's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

FAUSTUS. No, sir ; but, when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

KNIGHT. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone.

[*Exit*.

FAUSTUS. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with Spirits in the shapes of*
ALEXANDER and his Paramour.

EMPEROR. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck ; how shall I know whether it be so or no ?

FAUSTUS. Your highness may boldly go and see.

EMPEROR. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

[*Exeunt* Spirits.

FAUSTUS. Will 't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late ?

EMPEROR. One of you call him forth. [*Exit* Attendant.

Re-enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight ! Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rook,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman ?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done !

FAUSTUS. O, not so fast, sir ! there 's no haste : but.

good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

EMPEROR. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.]—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

EMPEROR. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, Knight, and Attendants.]

SCENE XI

A GREEN; AFTERWARDS THE HOUSE OF FAUSTUS

FAUSTUS. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. What, will you go on horse-back
or on foot?

FAUSTUS. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant
green, I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser.

HORSE-COURSEUR. I have been all this day seeking
one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save
you, Master Doctor!

FAUSTUS. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

HORSE-COURSER. Do you hear, sir ? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

FAUSTUS. I cannot sell him so. If thou likest him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-COURSER. Alas, sir, I have no more !—I pray you speak for me.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I pray you, let him have him : he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUSTUS. Well, come, give me your money [Horse-courser gives FAUSTUS the money] : my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him ; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

HORSE-COURSER. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters ?

FAUSTUS. O, yes, he will drink of all waters ; but ride him not into the water : ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

HORSE-COURSER. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever : I'll not leave my horse for forty : if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him : he has a buttock as slick as an eel [*Aside*].—Well, God b'wi'ye sir : your boy will deliver him me : but, hark ye, sir ; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what it is ?

FAUSTUS. Away, you villain ! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor ?

[*Exit Horse-courser.*]

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die ?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end ;

Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts :

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep :

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross ;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*]

Re-enter Horse-courser, all wet, crying.

HORSE-COURSER. Alas, alas ! Doctor Fastian, quotha ? mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor : has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty

dollars ; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water : now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse !—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper. —Do you hear ? you, heypass, where's your master ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Why, sir, what would you ? you cannot speak with him.

HORSE-COURSER. But I will speak with him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Why, he's fast asleep : come some other time.

HORSE-COURSER. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-COURSER. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Sec, where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-COURSER. Aye, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian ! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay !

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-COURSER. So-ho, ho ! so-ho, ho ! [*Holla's in his ear.*] No, will you not wake ? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone ! what shall I do ?

FAUSTUS. O, my leg, my leg !—Help, Mephistophilis ! call the officers !—My leg, my leg !

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-COURSER. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more !

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Where be they ?

HORSE-COURSER. I have none about me : come to my ostry, and I'll give them you.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Be gone quickly.

[Horse-courser runs away.]

FAUSTUS. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

WAGNER. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

FAUSTUS. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII

THE COURT OF THE DUKE OF VANHOLT

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, and FAUSTUS.

DUKE OF VANHOLT. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

FAUSTUS. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me and you shall have it.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephis-

tophilis, be gone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam : will 't please you taste on them ?

DUKE OF VANHOLT. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

FAUSTUS. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east ; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see.— How do you like them, madam ? be they good ?

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

FAUSTUS. I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE OF VANHOLT. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT. And so I will, my lord ; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

FAUSTUS. I humbly thank your grace.

DUKE OF VANHOLT. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII
A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF FAUSTUS

Enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods :
And yet, methinketh, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come ! belike the feast is ended.

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and
MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

FIRST SCHOLAR. Master Doctor Faustus, since our
conference about fair ladies, which was the beautiful'st
in all the world, we have determined with ourselves
that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that
ever lived : therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us
that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of
Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we
should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.]

SECOND SCHOLAR. Too simple is my wit to tell her
praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

THIRD SCHOLAR. No marvel though the angry Greeks
pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Since we have seen the pride of
Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to
you. *[Exeunt Scholars and WAGNER.]*

Enter an Old Man.

OLD MAN. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUSTUS. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what
hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, 'Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come';
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.]

OLD MAN. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUSTUS. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.

FAUSTUS. Accours'd Faustus, where is mercy now? I do repent; and yet I do despair: Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord: Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord To pardon my unjust presumption, And with my blood again I will confirm My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeign'd heart, Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[FAUSTUS stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood.

FAUSTUS. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age, That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer, With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul; But what I may afflict his body with I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUSTUS. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee, To glut the longing of my heart's desire,— That I might have unto my paramour That heavenly Helen which I saw of late, Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow, And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire, Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUSTUS. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[Kisses her.]

Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plum'd crest;
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter the Old Man.

OLD MAN. Accurs'd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul excludes't the grace of heaven.
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[Exeunt,—on one side Devils, on the other Old Man.]

SCENE XIV. THE SAME

Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.

FAUSTUS. Ah, gentlemen !

FIRST SCHOLAR. What ails Faustus ?

FAUSTUS. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still ! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not ? comes he not ?

SECOND SCHOLAR. What means Faustus ?

THIRD SCHOLAR. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

FIRST SCHOLAR. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit ; never fear, man.

FAUSTUS. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven ; remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAUSTUS. But Faustus' offence can no'er be pardoned : the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches ! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book ! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world ; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy ; and must remain in hell for ever,—hell, ah, hell, for ever ! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever ?

THIRD SCHOLAR. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured ! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed ! Ah, my God, I would weep ! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears ! yea, life and soul—

O, he stays my tongue ! I would lift up my hands ; but see, they hold them, they hold them !

ALL. Who, Faustus ?

FAUSTUS. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning !

ALL. God forbid !

FAUSTUS. God forbade it, indeed ; but Faustus hath done it : for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood : the date is expired ; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee ?

FAUSTUS. Oft have I thought to have done so ; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity : and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. O, what shall we do to save Faustus ?

FAUSTUS. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

THIRD SCHOLAR. God will strengthen me ; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Tempt not God, sweet friend ; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

FAUSTUS. Aye, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SECOND SCHOLAR. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell if I live till morning, I'll visit you ; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell.

[Exeunt Scholars.—The clock strikes eleven.]

FAUSTUS. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually !
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come ;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make³
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
 O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
 See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my
 Christ!—

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
 Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
 Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
 No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:
 Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon lab'ring clouds,
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
 O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
 O, no end is limited to damn'd souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements ;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me !
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me !
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while !
Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !
I'll burn my books !—Ah, Mephistophilis !

[Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.]

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learn'd man.
Faustus is gone : regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit]

Terminat hora diem ; terminat auctor opus.

GOETHE'S FAUST
PART I
TRANSLATED BY JOHN ANSTER

DEDICATION

AGAIN, in deepening beauty, ye float near,
Forms, dimly imaged in the days gone by—
Is that old fancy to the heart still dear ?
To that old spell will ye again reply ?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky !
Then have me at your will ! My bosom burns,
Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns !

Pictures you bring with you of happy years,
Loved shades of other days are rising fast.
First-love with early Friendship reappears
Like half remembered legends of the past.
Wounds bleed anew ;—the Plaint pursues with tears
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine waste ;
And names the Good, already past away,
Cheated, alas ! of half life's little day.

But, ah ! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom its earlier notes were tried ;
Departed is, alas ! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoes all, that first replied.,
If some still live this stranger world among,
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide ;
To men unknown my griefs I now impart,
Whose very praises leave me sick at heart.

Again it comes ! a long unwonted feeling—

A wish for that calm solemn spirit-land ;

My wavering song haps faint, like murmurs, stealing

O'er Aeol's harp by varying breezes fanned.

Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,

And silent shudders show a heart unmanned ;

WHAT IS, in the far distance seems to be,

The PAST, the PAST alone is true to me.

FAUST

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN

MANAGER. My two good friends, on whom I have depended,

At all times to assist me and advise ;
Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For German lands a novel enterprise.
To please the public I am most desirous ;
'Live and let live,' has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eyebrows lifted up in expectation ;
Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,
Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted !
I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices,
Could always get up popular new pieces ;
But never have I been before so harassed
As now—so thoroughly perplexed, embarrassed !
Every one reads so much of everything :
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true :
But then they are for ever reading—reading !
This being so, how can we hope to bring
Anything out, that shall be good and new ?
What chance of now as formerly succeeding ?

How I delight to see the people striving
 To force their way into our crowded booth,
 Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
 Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
 As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
 To something more desirable than Eden,
 Long before noon, while daylight's strong as ever,
 All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
 Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming,
 As at a baker's door in time of famine!

On men so various in their disposition,
 So different in manners—rank—condition;
 How is a miracle like this effected?
 The poet—he alone is the magician
 On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it
 ROBE Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
 My powers desert me in the noisy throng;
 Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud
 And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
 Against my will; and lead me to some lone
 And silent vale—some scene in fairy land,
 There only will the poet's heart expand,
 Surrendered to the impulses of song,
 Lost in delicious visions of its own,
 Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
 Watch through the flowing hours, and we are
 blest!

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
 Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
 Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
 Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
 The whole a rabble's madness may destroy;
 And this, when, after toil of many years,
 Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears
 To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
 As the vain heart too easily believed;
 Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,

Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
 The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
 Win its slow way in silence, and the baid,
 Unnoticed long, receives from after time
 The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward !

MR MERRYMAN. Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
 And men hereafter dotting on your pages,
 To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
 And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.
 Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—
 In my vocation acted on your plan ?
 If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
 Who will supply the living with diversion ?
 And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,
 They want amusement—will not go without it,
 Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—
 My very face works wonders, let me tell you,
 —Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—
 Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension
 The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,
 The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it :
 The more that come, the better for the writer ;
 Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,
 And every little point appreciated,
 By some one in the circle over-rated,
 All is above its value estimated .

Take courage then,—come—now for a *chef d'œuvre*—
 To make a name—to live and live for ever—
 Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,
 REASON and JUDGEMENT, PASSION, MRLANCHOLY,
 WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group,
 Do not forget the little darling, FOLLY !

MANAGER But above all, give them enough of action ;
 He who gives most, will give most satisfaction ;
 They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,
 Unless it be a show, can win their favour,
 Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare,—
 Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.
 A show is what they want, they love and pay for it ;
 Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it ;

And he who gives one is a certain favourite ;
 Would you please many, you must give good measure ;
 Then each finds something in 't to yield him pleasure ;
 The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
 To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
 The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
 Divided thus, and broken into pieces.

We want a dish to hit the common taste ;
 Then hash it up and serve it out in haste !
 And, for my part, methinks it little matters :
 Though you may call your work a finished whole,
 The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
 And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

POET. You cannot think how very mean a task,
 How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,
 To furnish such a drama as you ask :
 The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
 Are now established as the rules of trade,—
 Receipts—by which successful plays are made !

MANAGER. Such an objection is of little weight
 Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
 To work effectively, no doubt he uses
 The instrument that's most appropriate.
 Your play may—for your audience—be too good ;—
 Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—
 Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed !—
 One comes to drive away ennui or spleen ;
 Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table ;
 A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
 From reading a review or magazine.
 Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
 As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
 And each, some novel character assuming,
 Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
 The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,
 Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
 And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
 What do you dream, in your poetic pride ?
 Think you a full house can be satisfied
 And every auditor an ardent cheerer ?

Pray, only look at them a little nearer ;
One half are cold spectators, inattentive ;
The other dead to every fine incentive ;
One fellow's thinking of a game of cards ;
One on a wild night of intoxication :
Why court for such a set the kind regards
Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination ?
I tell thee only, give enough—enough ;
Still more and more—no matter of what stuff,
You cannot go astray ; let all your views
Be only for the moment to amuse,
To keep them in amazement or distraction ;
Man is incapable of satisfaction.
Why, what affects you thus—is 't inspiration ?
A reverie ?—oh ! can it be vexation ?

POET. Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant
find ;

What ! shall the poet squander then away,
For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind,
Profane the gift, which Nature, when she gave
To him, to him entrusted for mankind,
—Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,
And sink into an humble trading slave ?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes ?
Oh, is it not the harmony within,
The music, that hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul ?—the heart that can receive
Again into itself, again embrace
The world it clothed with beauty and bade live ?
With unregarding hand when Nature throws
Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,
That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,
When all things, that in unison agreeing,
Should join to form the happy web of Being
Are tangled in inextricable strife :
Who can awake the blank monotony
To measured order ? Who upon the dead
Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,

Restore the dissonant to harmony,
 And bid the jarring individual be
 A chord, that, in the general consecration,
 Bears part with all in musical relation ?
 Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
 Like human passion ? bid the serious mind
 Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours ?
 Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
 When wanders forth the lady of his choice ?
 Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
 A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
 Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
 The best reward his country can present ?
 Whose voice is fame ? who gives us to inherit
 Olympus, and the loved Elysian field ?
 The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
 Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

MR. MERRYMAN. A poet yet should regulate his
 fancies,
 Like that of life should get up his romances ;
 First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry
 Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,
 Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
 Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.
 Thus a romance runs : fortune, then reverses ;
 Rapture, then coldness ; bridal dresses—hearses ;
 The lady dying—letters from the lover,
 And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
 Shift your scenes rapidly ; write fast and gaily,
 Give, in your play, the life we witness daily ;
 The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
 Yet which will please 'tis very strange, but so 'tis),
 Will please, when forced again on their attention,
 More than the wonders of remote invention ;
 Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart stic-
 tures—

Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—
 The young will crowd to see a work, revealing
 Their own hearts to themselves ; in solitude
 Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing

For frenzied passion its voluptuous food :
 Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.
 For oh ! the secrets of the poet's art,
 What are they but the dreams of the young heart ?
 Oh ! 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,
 Float with him on imagination's wing,
 Think all his thoughts, are his in everything,
 Are, while they dream not of it, all they see :
 Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy.
 This is the sort of drink to take the town ;
 Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.
 Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
 Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
 As if of his own being it were part,
 And growing with the growth of his own heart ;
 Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
 Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth ;
 Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,
 And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

POET. Give me, oh ! give me back the days
 When I—I too—was young—
 And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
 New consciousness of power.
 Oh happy, happy time, above all praise !
 Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
 And found a language in unbidden lays ;
 Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.

Then, as I wander'd free,
 In every field, for me
 Its thousand flowers were blowing !
 A veil through which I did not see,
 A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
 In every bud a mystery ;
 Magic in everything unknown :—
 The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
 And all that age has disenchanted.
 Yes ! give me—give me back the days of youth,
 Poor, yet how rich !—my glad inheritance
 The inextinguishable love of truth,
 While life's realities were all romance—

Give me, oh ! give youth's passions unconfined,
 The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
 Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind ;—
 Give me my youth again !

MR. MERRYMAN. Why, my dear friend, for youth
 thus sigh and prattle,
 'Twould be a very good thing in a battle ;
 Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,
 Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning ;
 In running for a bet, to clear the distance,
 A young man's sinews would be some assistance ;
 Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking
 Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking ;
 But you have only among chords, well known
 Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger
 Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,
 Courting some wandering fancies of your own ;
 While, with capricious windings and delays,
 Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze
 Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will
 Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,
 Is ever free, yet evermore obeys
 The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.
 This is, old gentleman, your occupation.
 Nor think that it makes less our veneration.
 'Age,' says the song, 'the faculties bewildering,
 Renders men childish'—no ! it finds them chil-
 dren.

MANAGER. Come, come, no more of this absurd
 inventory
 Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.
 You both lose time in words unnecessary,
 Playing with language thus at fetch and carry ;
 Think not of tuning now or preparation,
 Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
 Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
 But once assume the poet—then the fire
 From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
 Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
 A hearty, brisk, and animating tippie ;

Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed!
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censors,
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature.
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
Each movement—move from HEAVEN through EARTH
to HELL.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

THE LORD, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL. THE sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along :
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light !

GABRIEL. Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

MICHAEL. And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea ;
And heave round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency.—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee thy servants feel,
Calm effluence of abiding day.
ALL. New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight ;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us
once more,

To ask how things are going on, and since
You have received me kindly heretofore,
I venture to the levee of my prince.
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court;
The company is far too fine for me,
They smile with scorn such folk in heaven to see.
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
Pathos from me would look too like a joke;
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
To laughter would your very self provoke,
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.
Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
I only see how men fret out their day;
The little god of earth is still the same
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came;
That life were somewhat better, if the light
Of Heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute;
He seems to me, if I may venture on
Such a comparison, to be like one
Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose song
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
Monotonous and restless in the grass,
'Twere well 'twas in grass always; but, alas,
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

THE LORD. Hast thou no more than this to say,
Thou, who complainest every day?
Are all things evil in thy sight?
Does nothing on the earth move right?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Not anything, my lord—poor
men so fervent

And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

THE LORD. Dost thou know FAUST?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The doctor?

THE LORD.

Yes: my servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Truly, he serves in a peculiar
fashion;

Child though he be of human birth,
 His food and drink are not of earth.
 Foolish—even he at times will feel
 The folly in such hopes to deal:—
 His fancies hurry him afar;
 Of heaven he asks its highest star;
 Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,
 Of earth demands its fairest fruit;
 And all that both can give supplied,
 Behold him still unsatisfied!

THE LORD. Yes: for he serves in a perplexing scene,
 That oft misleads him. Still his WILL is right;
 Soon comes the time to lead him into light
 Now is the first prophetic green,
 The hopes and promises of spring,
 The unformed bud and blossoming;
 And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
 Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What will you wager you don't
 lose him yet,
 With all his promise? Had I only freedom
 On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
 I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

THE LORD. As long as on the earth endures his life
 To deal with him have full and free permission;
 Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Cheerfully I agree to the condition;

I have no fancy for the dead: your youth,
 With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth,
 Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
 Is, 'Not at home.' My play is cat and mouse.

THE LORD. Be it permitted: from his source divert
 And draw this Spirit captive down with thee;
 Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
 'A good man, clouded though his senses be
 By error, is no willing slave to it.'
 His consciousness of good, will it desert
 The good man?—yea, even in his darkest hours
 Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers

Of Darkness ;—for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels ;—and, if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Aye ! feelings that have no
abiding—

Short struggles—Give him to my guiding—
I cannot have a doubt about the bet.

Oh ! in what triumph shall I crow at winning !
Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,
Who has been eating it from the beginning.

THE LORD. Here too take your own course—you are
quite free

In the concern,—with anything but loathing
I look on folk like you. My work demands
Such servants. Of the Suits of Denial
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
Is OLD INIQUITY in his Fool's clothing ;
The Vice is never heavy upon hands ;
Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.
For MAN's activity soon tires
(A lazy being at the best),
And sting and spur requires.

In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
And this companion, whom I therefore give,
Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest.
But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight
Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright !
The Life, in all around, below, above
That ever lives and works—the Infinite
Enfold you in the happy bonds of love !
And all that flows unfixed and undefined
In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind !

[Heaven closes. The archangels disperse.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (alone). I'm very glad to have it
in my power

To see him now and then ; he is so civil :
I rather like our good old governor—
Think only of his speaking to the devil !

TIME, NIGHT

SCENE.—*A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber.*

FAUST *at his desk—restless.*

FAUST. Alas ! I have explored
 Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine ;
 And over deep Divinity have pored,
 Studying with ardent and laborious zeal ;
 And here I am at last, a very fool,
 With useless learning cursed,
 No wiser than at first !
 Here am I—boast and wonder of the school ;
Magister, Doctor, and I lead
 These ten years past, my pupils' creed ;
 Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
 Their opinions as I please.
 And now to feel that nothing can be known !
 This is a thought that burns into my heart.
 I have been more acute than all these triflers,
 Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers ;
 Have sounded all the depths of every science.
 Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
 Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil,
 But I have lost all peace of mind :
 Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
 Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
 The fancy too has died away,
 The hope, that I might, in my day,
 Instruct, and elevate mankind.
 Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
 Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
 Without one joy that earth can give,
 Could dog—were I a dog—so live ?
 Therefore to magic, with severe
 And patient toil, have I applied,
 Despairing of all other guide,
 That from some Spirit I might hear

Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed ;
And never more, with shame of heart,
Teach things, of which I know no part.
Oh, for a glance into the earth !
To see below its dark foundations,
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations.
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon !—Ah ! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow !
Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,
Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.
Oh, that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light !
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow ;
And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind,

Alas ! and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room ?
Where even heaven's light, so beautiful,
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull ;
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Scrolls with book-worms through them stealing ;
Dreary walls, where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour ;
Glasses, instruments, all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber ;
All a man of learning gathers,
All bequeathed me by my fathers,

Crucibles from years undated,
 Chairs of structure antiquated,
 Are in strange confusion hurled !
 Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world !
 Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast
 The sick heart flutters ill at rest ?
 Why a dull sense of suffering
 Deadens life's current at the spring ?
 From living nature thou hast fled
 To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead ;
 And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
 Hath made man for, to man hath given ;
 Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
 Of brute and human skeletons !

Away—away and far away !
 This book, where secret spells are scanned,
 Traced by NOSTRADAM'S own hand,
 Will be thy strength and stay :
 The courses of the stars to thee
 No longer are a mystery ;
 The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
 As Spirits with their brothers speak.
 It is, it is the planet hour
 Of thy own being ; light, and power,
 And fervour to the soul are given,
 As proudly it ascends its heaven.
 To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
 Symbolic letters, circles, lines ;
 And from their actual use refrain,
 Were time and labour lost in vain :
 Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
 Spirits, answer, ye who hear me !

*[He opens the book, and lights upon the sign of
 MACROCOSMUS.]*

Ha ! what new life divine, intense,
 Floods in a moment every sense ;
 I feel the dawn of youth again,
 Visiting each glowing vein !
 Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs ?

The tumults of my soul are stilled,
 My withered heart with rapture filled :
 In virtue of the magic lines,
 The secret powers that nature mould,
 Their essence and their acts unfold—
 Am I a god ?—Can mortal sight
 Enjoy, endure this burst of light ?
 How clear these silent characters !
 All Nature present to my view,
 And each creative act of hers—
 And is the glorious vision true ?
 The wise man's words at length are plain,
 Whose sense so long I sought in vain :
 'The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale ;
 Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.
 Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.
 Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,
 The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,
 Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled.'
 [He looks over the sign attentively.]

Oh ! how the spell before my sight
 Brings Nature's hidden ways to light :
 See ! all things with each other blending—
 Each to all its being lending—
 All on each in turn depending—
 Heavenly ministers descending—
 And again to heaven up-tending—
 Floating, mingling, interweaving—
 Rising, sinking, and receiving
 Each from each, while each is giving
 On to each, and each relieving
 Each, the pails of gold, the living
 Current through the air is heaving ;
 Breathing blessings, see them bending,
 Balanced worlds from change defending,
 While every where diffused is harmony unending !

Oh ! what a vision—but a vision only !
 Can heart of man embrace

Illimitable Nature ?
 Fountain of life, forth-welling ;
 The same in every place ;
 That dost support and cheer
 Wide heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature
 That hath therein its dwelling,
 Oh ! could the blighted soul but feel thee near !
 To thee still turns the withered heart,
 To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
 Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative ;
 On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
 I ask a solace thou dost not impart ;
 The food I hunger for thou dost not give !
[He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently,
till his eye rests on the sign of the SPIRIT OF THE
EARTH.

How differently this sign affects my frame !
 Spirit of Earth ! my nature is the same,
 Or near akin to thine !
 How fearlessly I read this sign !
 And feel even now new powers are mine ;
 While my brain burns, as though with wine ;
 Give me the agitated strife,
 The madness of the world of life ;
 I feel within my soul the birth
 Of strength, enabling me to bear,
 And thoughts, impelling me to share
 The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth ;
 To battle with the Tempest's breath,
 Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.

All around grows cold and cloudy,
 The moon withdraws her ray ;
 The lamp's loose flame is shivering,
 It fades, it dies away.
 Ha ! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
 In trembling light are quivering ?
 And, to and fro,
 Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,

Rolled and unrolled,
 In crimson fold,
 They float and flow !
 From the vaulted space above,
 A shuddering horror seems to move
 Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
 The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes ;
 'Tis thou—I feel thee, SPIRIT, near,
 Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
 Art hovering around me now ;
 Spirit ! to my sight appear,
 How my heart is torn in sunder—
 All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
 Every faculty and feeling
 Strained to welcome thy revealing.
 Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
 Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see !
*[He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of
 the SPIRIT mysteriously ; a red flame is seen
 playing about, and in the flame the SPIRIT.]*

SPIRIT. Who calls me ?

FAUST (*averting his face*). Form of horror, hence !

SPIRIT. Hither from my distant sphere,
 Thou hast compelled me to appear ;
 Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
 With importuning violence ;
 And now—

FAUST. I shudder, overpowered with fear.

SPIRIT. Panting, praying to look on me,
 My voice to listen, my face to see,
 Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.
 Here am I—here and now, what fear
 Seizes thee ?—thee—the more than Man ?

Where the strong soul, that could dare
 Summon Us, Spirits ? Where

The soul, that could conceive, and plan,
 Yea, and create its world ; whose pride
 The bounds which limit Man defied,
 Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,

Nor feared to mete its strength with ours.
 Where art thou, Faust ? and, were the accents thine,
 That rang to me ? the soul that pressed itself to mine ?
 Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
 Whose very being in my breath is scattered
 Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing worm !

FAUST. Creature of Flame, shall I grow pale before
 thee ?

I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy Equal !

SPIRIT. In the currents of life, in the tempests of
 motion,

In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,

Hither and thither,

Over and under,

Wend I and wander.

Birth and the grave

Limitless ocean,

Where the restless wave

Undulates ever,

Under and over

Their seething strife,

Heaving and weaving

The changes of life.

At the whirling loom of Time unawed,

I work the living mantle of God.

FAUST. Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world
 heavest !

How near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT. Man, thou art as the Spirit, whom thou
 conceivest,

Not ME.

[*Vanishes.*]

FAUST (*overpowered with confusion*). Not thee !

Whom then ? I ! image of the Deity !

And not even such as thee !

[*A knock.*]

'S death, 'tis this pupil lad of mine—

He comes my airy guests to banish.

This elevating converse dread,

These visions, dazzlingly outspread

Before my senses, all will vanish

At the formal fellow's tread !

[Enter WAGNER in his dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp in his hand. Faust turns round, displeased.]

WAGNER. Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.

Been reciting some Greek Tragedy, no doubt;
I wish to improve myself in this same art;
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

FAUST. Yes! when your priest's an actor, as may happen.

WAGNER. Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study; if one sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holiday,
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,
How can we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade?

FAUST. If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;

If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart!

WAGNER. EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first

And best acquirement of the orator.

This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

FAUST. Be honest, if you would be eloquent;

Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells;
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;
And when you are in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

WAGNER. The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life how short! *Ars longa, Vita brevis!*

How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
Shrunk back despairing from inquiries vain!
Oh! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!

FAUST. Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?

Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk

A draught restorative,

That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

WAGNER. Pardon me—but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past;

To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.¹

FAUST. Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is,
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;

A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! History!
Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, everything the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

WAGNER. But then the world, man's heart and mind,
are things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some know-
ledge.

FAUST. Why yes!—they call it *knowledge*. Who
may dare
To name things by their real names? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

WAGNER. How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Thus to converse with you so learnedly.
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more;
I have been diligent in all my studies;
Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit;
And I know much, but would know everything. [*Exit.*]

FAUST (*alone*). How hope abandons not the hum-
blest mind!
Poor lad! he clings to learning's poorest forms,
Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
Worms—dust; is happy among dust and worms!

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it dare
Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the air?
And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,
How do I thank thee from my very heart!

When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;
When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!

Image of God! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
High above cherubs—above all that serve,
Raised up immeasurably—every nerve
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine;
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed;
Then did I in creations of my own
(Oh, is not man in everything divine!)
Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone;
All by one word of thunder overthrown!

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee!
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here.
Oh! in that rapturous moment how I felt—
How little and how great! and thus to be
With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon
The lot to mortals dealt,
And its uncertainties! again the prey
Of deep disquietude! with none
To guide me on my way,
Or show me what to shun!
That impulse goads me on—shall I obey?
Alas! 'tis not our sufferings alone,
But even our acts obstruct us and delay
Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives
Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,

We seize what this world gives of good, and deem
All Better a deception and a dream.
High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,
Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wings unchecked,
Deeming all things within her ample scope,
To the ETERNAL! and how small a space
Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.
Some secret sorrow still the envious one
Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.
Each day she masks her in some new disguise,
Each day with some new trick the temper tries,
Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,
Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.
Evils that never come disquiet thee,
Evermore mourning losses not to be!

I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live?
This prison-place, what can it give
Of life or comfort? wheresoe'er
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—
Along the blank high wall—of shelves
And gloomy volumes, which themselves
Are dust and lumber; and the scrolls
That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
And crevices of that old case—
That darkens and confines the space
Already but too small—'mong these
What can life be but a disease?

Here housed in dust, with grub and moth,
 I sicken—mind and body both.
 —Shall I find here the cure I ask,
 Resume the edifying task
 Of reading, in a thousand pages,
 That care-worn man has, in all ages,
 Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?
 That one, mayhap, has here and there
 Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,

I almost fancy I divine
 A meaning in thy spectral smile.
 Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
 Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;
 Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,
 Regardless of aught else the while,
 Like mine, the light of cloudless day—
 And, in unsatisfying thought
 By twilight glimmers led astray,
 Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Everything fails me—everything—
 These instruments, do they not all
 Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
 And cog and wheel—in vain I call
 On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
 I stand before the guarded door
 Of Nature; but it bids defiance
 To latch or ward: in vain I prove
 Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
 Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
 Nature pursues her tranquil way:
 The veil she wears, if hand profane
 Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
 Though from her spirit thine receives,
 When hushed it listens and believes,
 Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,
 Her free gift when man questions not,—
 Think not with levers or with screws
 To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean !
 It is not, has not ever been
 Of use to me—why here ? because
 My father's furniture it was !
 —Old Roll ; and here it still remains,
 And soiled with smoke, its very stains
 Might count how many a year the light
 Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
 Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright !
 —'Twere better did I dissipate,
 Long since, my little means, than be
 Crushed down and cumbered with its weight :
 All that thy fathers leave to thee,
 At once ENJOY it—thus alone
 Can man make anything his own ;
 A hindrance all that we employ not—
 A burden all that we enjoy not.
 HE knows, who rightly estimates,
 That what the moment can employ,
 What it requires and can enjoy,
 The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
 The eye, and holds it there, as though
 The flask a very magnet were ?
 And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
 This lustre of enchanted light,
 Pour'd down at once, and everywhere—
 Birth of the moment—like the flood
 Of splendour round us, when at night
 Breathes moonlight over a wide wood ?

Oh phial !—happy phial !—here
 Hope is,—I greet thee,—I revere
 Thee as Art's best result—in Thee
 Science and Mind triumphant see,—
 Essence of all sweet slumber-dews !
 Spirit of all most delicate
 Yet deadliest powers !—be thou my friend—
 A true friend—thou wilt not refuse
 Thine own old master this !—I gaze

On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou:—
Already do I feel the strife
That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace; and now—and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away;
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
Shine with a glow of welcoming;—
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from otherskies!

And, lo! a car of fire to me
Glides softly hither; from within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air:
Already do I seem to win
My happy course, from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown
Glad spheres of pure activity!
Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—
And life, poured everywhere abroad,
And rapture worthy of a God!
—Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee?
Determine only,—'tis thy own;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun—its smiling earth—
One moment, one,—and all is done,—
One pang—then comes the second birth!
—Find life where others fear to die;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
Burst wide the gate of liberty;
—Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim;
Stand fearless, face to face with Him!

Shudder not now at that blank cave
Where, in self-torturing disease,

Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself tho hell she sees.
—Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up,—and know no terror there!
Determine;—be of happy cheer
In this high hour—be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day;
—Be firm, and cast away all fear;—
And freely,—if such be the chance—
Flow into nothingness away!

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me: all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text.
And into meaning read each mystery;

This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
 Will set it thinking in another mood ;
 Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood ;
 It is my choice ; I mixed it, and will drink :
 My last draught this on earth I dedicate
 (And with it be my heart and spirit borne !)
 A festal offering to the rising morn.
[He places the goblet to his mouth.]

Bells heard, and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of Angels.*

CHRIST is from the grave arisen,
 Joy is His. For Him the weary
 Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,
 And the cares that prey on mortals :
 He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
 The grave is no prison :
 The Lord hath arisen !

FAUST. Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich
 and heavenly !
 How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
 The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
 Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
 To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn ?
 And ye, rejoicing chorists, already
 Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
 That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
 Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
 The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN continued.—*Chorus of Women.*

We laid Him for burial
 'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
 His children and friends
 Laid their dead Master here !
 All wrapt in his grave-dress,
 We left Him in fear—
 Ah ! where shall we seek Him
 The Lord is not here !

Chorus of Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
 Sorrow no longer ;
 Temptation hath tried Him,
 But He was the stronger.
 Happy, happy victory !
 Love, submission, self-denial
 Marked the strengthening agony,
 Marked the purifying trial ;
 The grave is no prison :
 The Lord hath arisen.

FAUST. Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most
 mild, most powerful,
 What seek ye here ?—Why will ye come to me
 In dusty gloom immersed ?—Oh ! rather speak
 To hearts of soft and penetrable mould !
 I hear your message, but I have not faith—
 And Miracle is fond Faith's favourite child !
 I cannot force myself into the spheres,
 Where these good tidings of great joy are heard ;
 And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
 Even now they call me back again to life ;
 Oh ! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
 Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss
 Hallowing the staleness of the Sabbath-day !
 Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
 Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
 Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
 Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
 Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods ;
 Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
 Of a new life and a new world for me ;
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
 This music welcomed in the happy spring ;
 And now am I once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
 Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of heaven !
 Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN continued —Chorus of Disciples.

He, who was buried,
 Hath burst from the grave !
 From death re assuming
 The life that he gave,
 Is risen in glory,
 Is mighty to save !
 And onward—still onward
 Arising, ascending,
 To the right hand of Power
 And Joy never-ending.
 Enthroned in brightness,
 His labours are over ,
 On earth His disciples
 Still struggle and suffer !
 His children deserted
 Disconsolate languish—
 Thou art gone, and to glory—
 Hast left us in anguish !

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen,
 The Lord hath ascended ;
 The dominion of death
 And corruption is ended.
 Your work of obedience
 Haste to begin ,
 Break from the bondage
 Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives HIS laws obey,
 Let love your governed bosoms sway—
 Blessings to the poor convey,
 To GOD with humble spirit pray,
 To MAN his benefits display :
 Act thus, and he, your MASTER dear,
 Though unseen, is ever near !

BEFORE THE GATE

Persons of all descriptions strolling out.

A PARTY OF TRADESMEN. What are you going for in that direction?

SECOND PARTY. We are going to the Jagerhaus.

FIRST PARTY. And we are strolling down to the Mill.

A TRADESMAN. I would advise you rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof

A SECOND. The road to it is not a pleasant one.

SECOND PARTY. What are you for?

A THIRD. I go with the other party.

A FOURTH. Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf:

There, any way, we shall be sure of finding
The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,
And lots of rows in the primest style.

A FIFTH. What, boy,
Art at it still? two drubbings, one would think,
Might satisfy a reasonable man.

I won't go there with you—I hate the place!

SERVANT MAID. No! no!—not I.—I'll go back to the town

ANOTHER. We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

THE FIRST. Great good is that to me,—he'll give his arm

To you—and dance with you—and why should I go
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

THE SECOND. To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly headed friend will be with him

STUDENT. Look there—look there—how well those girls step out—

Come, brother, come let's keep them company.
Stuff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl
In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Only look there—what pretty fellows these are!

'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best Of company, to see them running after A pair of vulgar minxes—servant girls.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*). Stay, easy—here are two fine girls behind us,

Showily dressed. I know one of them well—

And, I may say, am half in love with her.

Innocent things! with what a modest gait

And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,

For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

FIRST STUDENT. Join them, yourself—not I—I hate restraint.

Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes.

Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,

That on the week-days does her week-day work,

And, the day after, work that she loves better.

CITIZEN. Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.

Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,

Forsooth! presuming on his dignity.

And what good is he to us after all?

The town is growing worse from day to day,

They are more strict upon us now than ever,

And raise continually the rates and taxes.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Masters good, and ladies bright,

Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,

Look upon a wretched sight,

And relieve the poor distressed:

Let me not in vain implore!

Pity me!—with chime and voice

Would I cheer you—let the poor

When all else are glad, rejoice!

I must beg, for I must live.

Help me! blessed they who give!

When all other men are gay

Is the beggar's harvest day.

SECOND CITIZEN. Well! give me, on a saint's day,
or a Sunday,

When we have time for it, a tale of war
And warlike doings far away in Turkey—
How they are busy killing one another.
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,
Draining your glass at times, and looking on
The painted barges calmly gliding down
The easy river. Then the homeward walk
In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart
Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

THIRD CITIZEN. Aye, so say I—break every head
abroad—

Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
Quiet at home.

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughters*). Ha! but
you are nicely dressed,
And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts
To-day—aye, that you will—only don't look
So very proud—yes! that is something better—
I know what my young pets are wishing for,
And thinking of, and they shall have it too!

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Come, Agatha, come on—I'd
not be seen
With the old witch in public; yet she showed
me,
On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
My future lover.

THE OTHER. In the glass she showed
Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

SOLDIER. *Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,
Maidens with their haughty glances,
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say to conquer which is harder?
Death and danger he despises,
When he looks upon the prizes.*

Danger is the soldier's duty,
And his prize is fame and beauty.

*Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure ;
How the soldier's blood is warming
When we think of cities storming !
Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender.*
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

FAUST. River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe ;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
All nature animate with glowing hues—
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses !
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town : from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine !
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
All are abroad—all happy in the sun.

Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
 Thro' fields and gardens they disperse themselves !
 How the wide water, far as we can see,
 Is joyous with innumerable boats !
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load,
 Parts from the shore ; yonder the hill-top paths
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses !
 And, hark ! the sounds of joy from the far village !
 This is the people's very heaven on earth !
 The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
 Here may I feel that I too am a man !

WAGNER. Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain
 Is creditable, brings its own great gain.
 But otherwise, I'd never throw away
 My time in such a place. I so detest
 Everything vulgar—hear them ! how they play
 Their creaking fiddles—heark the kettle-drums ;
 And their damned screaming to the ear that comes
 Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.
 They rave like very devils let loose on earth—
 This they call singing !—this, they say, is mirth !

- (PEASANTS *dancing and singing*).

The shepherd for the dance is drest
 In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest ;
 Round and round like mad they spin
 To the fiddle's lively din.
 All are dancing full of glee,
 All beneath the linden tree !

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
 Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Soon he runs to join the rest ;
 Up to a pretty girl he prest ;
 With elbow raised and pointed toe,
 Bent to her with his best how—
 Pressed her hand : with feigned surprise,
 Up she raised her timid eyes !
 'Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—

'Tis rude of you to use me so.'

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

'And do not make so free,' she said;
'I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel'—and he prest
The maiden to his boating breast.
Hark! again, the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

OLD PEASANT. This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too;
Who, but yourself, would condescend
Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,
To join our sports? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become
And years on years, oh! may you reach,
As cheerful as these beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each!

FAUST. Blest be the draught restorative!
I pledge you—happy may you live!

[The people collect in a circle round him.]

OLD PEASANT. Yes! witness thou the poor man's
glee,
And share in his festivity:
In this hath fortune fairly dealt
With him who, in the evil day

Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,
 When Plague was numbering his prey—
 In strength and health how many gather
 To this day's pastimes, whom thy father
 Rescued from death in that last stage,
 When the disease, tired out at length
 Is followed by the fever's rage,
 And prostrate sinks the vital strength;
 And you, too, in that time of dread
 And death, a young man, visited
 Each house of sickness:—evermore,
 Day after day, the black hearse bore
 Corse after corse—still, day by day,
 The good man held his fearless way
 Unscathed; for God a blessing gave,
 And saved the man who sought to save.

ALL. For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,
 And, when we wish thee length of days,
 'Tis for himself that each man prays.

FAUST. In thanks to the Great Father bend,
 We are but servants to extend
 Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.

[Goes on with WAGNER.

WAGNER. With what a sense of pure delight,
 Master, must thou enjoy the sight
 Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
 Expression of their deep respect!
 Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
 Can render back the talents given!
 The pious father points thee out
 To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
 And gaze again—and crowd about.
 The blithe musician in his task
 Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
 And gather into rows to see
 The man they honour passing by—
 And then the gratulating shout—
 And then the caps flung up on high:
 They almost worship thee—almost
 Would bend the knee as to the Host.

FAUST. To yonder rock is but a few steps on—
After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse; here all alone
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer
—In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,
With tears and sighs, here was I wont to pray,
—And supplicating hands, as though to wring
From Him in heaven that He the plague would stay.
To me the praise I hear is mockery.
Oh! that you could into my bosom gaze,
Read written there how little worthy we,
Father or son, of these poor people's praise.
My father, a reserved and moody man
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,
With honest ardour, after some strange plan
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.
And he would shut himself in secret cell,
One or two adepts always at his side,
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,
In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,
Watching for the great moment's birth that might
Antagonistic elements unite.
There in the gentle bath a Lion Red,
Bold wooer he—was to the Lily wed;
And both were, while the furnace-fire raged bright;
Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.
If in the glass were given us to behold
The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,
Here was the medicine—the patients died,
None asked 'Who took it and remained alive?'
—Thus in these mountains—in these valleys wide,
Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.
To thousands have I given the poison—they
Have withered—they are dead—and I survive
To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

WAGNER. How can this be so painful? What can
men

Do more than in their practice still obey
The precepts of the science of their day?

What you have from your father heard was then
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
You in your day extend the limit-line
Of science; in due time your son will take
His place—and for himself discoveries make
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If so then, why this grief?

FAUST. Happy who still hath hope to rise above
This sea of error; strange that we in vain
Seek knowledge each day needs: the knowledge of
What never can avail us we attain.

But with such musings let us sadden not
This sweet hour! see, where, in the sunset, gleam
The village huts with green trees smiling round
Each cottage in its own small garden plot.
But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem
With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,
Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—
Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,
Nearer and nearer after him to strive!
Then should I the reposing world behold
Still in this everlasting evening glow.

THE hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—
The silver brooklet in its silent flow
To where the yellow splendour of the West
On the far river lies in trembling gold.

In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast,
With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,
Onward in heaven, still onward is my flight,
And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay,
In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,
Till sinking seems at last the god of day.
Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe
Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.
Before me day—behind me is the night—
Above me heaven—and the wide wave beneath.
A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—
For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.
Alas! from its captivity of earth,
The body hath no wing wherewith to rise,

And with the winged spirit voyage on :
 And yet will every one of human birth
 The feeling in our nature recognize,
 That for a moment with a sense of wings
 Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,
 When high above, in blue space lost, his lay
 Thrilling the skylark sings.
 When over piny headlands, savage steeps,
 Outspread the eagle sweeps.
 And over moorlands, over main,
 Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

WAGNER. I, too, of reverie oft have had my moods,
 But impulse such as this they never bring.
 The eye soon has enough of fields and woods ;
 I never had a wish for a bird's wing—
 Far other are the thinking man's delights,
 From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,
 And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.
 Life, happy life, warms every limb—Unroll,
 At such charmed hour, some precious parchment scroll,
 All heaven descends upon you as you read.

FAUST. You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn
 Never to know the other ! in my breast
 Alas ! two souls dwell—all there is unrest ;
 Each with the other strives for mastery,
 Each from the other struggles to be free.
 One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,
 With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
 In native power and vindicate the fields,
 Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.
 Oh ! if indeed Spirits be in the air,
 Moving 'twixt heaven and earth with lordly wings,
 Come from your golden 'incense-breathing' sphere,
 Waft me to new and varied life away.
 Oh ! had I but a magic cloak to bear
 At will to far-off lands the wanderer,
 How little would I prize the rich array
 Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings !

WAGNER. Call not the well-known army. Of dusk
 air,

A living stream, the middle space they fill,
 And danger manifold for man prepare,
 For ever active in the work of ill.
 From all sides pour they on us—from the north,
 With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,
 And from the sunrise region speed they forth,
 In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.
 If from the desolate parched wilderness
 The midday send them out with fervid glow,
 To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain,
 A cloudy vapour from the west they flow,
 Descend in what would seem refreshing rain,
 Then in fierce torrents down on thee they press,
 And deluge garden, meadow-field, and plain.
 Ready for evil with delight they hear,
 They lurk and listen—gladly they obey
 Man's invitation—gladly they betray
 Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,
 Ambassadors from heaven itself appear,
 And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
 But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew
 Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.
 Towards night we first have the true feel of home.
 What keeps you standing there?—Why that intent
 Stare—why that look of such astonishment?
 What do you see that fastens thus on you?

FAUST. Do you see that black dog, where through
 the green blades

Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
 He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

WAGNER. I've seen him this while past, but thought
 not of him

As any way strange.

FAUST. Look at him carefully,
 What do you take the brute to be?

WAGNER. Why, nothing
 But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out
 His master's track whom I suppose he has lost.

FAUST. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
 He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer

Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

WAGNER. I can see nothing more than a black dog ;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

FAUST. Methinks he draws light magic threads
around us,

Hereafter to entangle and ensnare !

WAGNER. In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping
round us,

Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

FAUST. The circle, see, how much more narrow
'tis,—

He's very near us !

WAGNER. 'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spirit ; see, he snarls at strangers,
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

FAUST. We'll bring him home with us.—
Come, pretty fellow !

WAGNER. He's a merry dog,—
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you,—
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you,
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUST. You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit
In him—

WAGNER. A dog, well-tutored, learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart ;—

Wise men grow fond of them—and see,
Our friend already follows thee—

Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip :

With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship ?

[They enter the town gate.]

FAUST'S STUDY

Enter FAUST, with the Dog.

FAUST. The fields we roamed through with delight,
Are hidden now in the deep night ;
Within us felt the thrilling hour,
Awakes man's better soul to power :
Hushed the desires of the wild will,
And action's stormy breath is still—
LOVE stirs around us and abroad,
The love of MAN, the love of GOD.

Rest, poodle, rest—he down in quiet !
Why runs he up and down the floor ?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffing at the door ?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft snug nest—
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest,

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
Then from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,
And in the hush of outward strife,
We seem to hear the streams of life,
And seek, alas !—in vain essay—
Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease dog, to growl ! the beastly howl of the hound
But ill accords with the pure breathing of
Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and love
That to the heart unbidden way have found.
With men 'tis common to condemn,

Whatever is too good, too fair,
 Too high to be conceived by them,
 And is't that like those wretched carles,
 This dog, at what he understands not, snarls ?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
 They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.
 —How oft have I experienced change like this !
 Yet is it not unblest in the event ;
 For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
 We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
 And the heart seeks support and light from heaven.
 And such support and light—oh, is it given
 Anywhere but in the New Testament ?
 Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text
 On which all rests, and honestly translate
 The holy original into mine own
 Dear native tongue.

(He opens a volume and prepares to write.)

—'Tis written—'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD'.—
 Already at a stand—and how proceed ?
 Who helps me ? Is the WORD to have such value,
 Impossible—if by the spirit guided.
 —Once more—'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT'.—
 Consider the first line attentively,
 Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning,
 Is it *Thought* that works in all, and that makes all ?
 —It should stand rather thus—'IN THE BEGINNING
 WAS THE POWER'—yet even as I am writing this
 A something warns me we cannot rest there.
 The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly
 I write, IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT.

—Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
 These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
 Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
 Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
 One of us must leave the closet, if
 You still keep growling—that is positive ;
 To use a guest so is not pleasant,
 But none could bear this whine incessant !

But can what I see be real,
 Or is all some trick ideal?
 'Tis surely something more than nature,—
 Form is changed, and size, and stature,
 Larger, loftier, erecter,
 This seeming dog must be a spectre;—
 With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
 Like an hippopotamus,
 —And here to bring this whelp of hell,
 Oh, at last, I know thee well,
 For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
 Nought's like the key of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS without.

One is in prison:
 Listen to reason:
 Venture not on:
 Where he hath gone
 Follow him none:
 Watch we all! watch we well!
 The old lynx of hell
 Has fallen in the snare,
 Is trapped unaware,
 Like a fox in the gin;
 He is in: he is in:
 Stay we without,
 Sweep we about,
 Backward and forward,
 Southward and norward,
 Our colleague assisting,
 His fetters untwisting,
 Lightening their pressure
 By mystical measure;
 At our motions and voices,
 Our brother rejoices,
 For us hath he offered
 His safety, and suffered;
 We are his debtors,
 Let's loosen his fetters.

FAUST To conquer him must I rehearse,
 First that deep mysterious verse,
 Which each elemental spirit,
 Of the orders four, who hear it,
 Trembling, will confess and fear it

*Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,
 NYMPH of WATER, twist and turn,
 Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,
 Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME.*

He is but a silly scholar,
 To whom each elemental ruler,
 Their acts and attributes essential,
 And their influence potential,
 And their sympathies auxiliar,
 Are not matters quite familiar,
 Little knows he, little merits
 A dominion over Spirits

*Fiercy SALAMANDER, wither
 In the red flame's fiery glow !
 Rushing, as waves rush together,
 WATER NYMPH, in water flow !
 Gleamy SYLPH or AIR, glance, fleetly,
 And more bright, than midnight meteor !
 Slave of homely drudgery,
 Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee
 To the task that waits for thee !
 Spirit, that within the beast
 Art imprisoned, be releas't !
 Kingly sway hath SOLOMON
 Over subject spirits won,
 —Forth !—ohoy the spell and seal
 Elemental natures feel !*

By Spirits of a different kind,
 Is the brute possessed, I find ;
 Gunning he lies, and mocks the charm
 That has no power to work him harm.

Spectre ! by a stronger spell
 Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one,
Deserter from hell,
I conjure and charm thee,
By the sign and the spell,
To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there '

Outcast creature, see the sign
Of the Human and Divine
Bow before the Uncreated,
Whom the world has seen and hated.
Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?
Dread to hear me name His name,
Through all heaven diffused is He,
Died on earth a death of shame

Ha! with terror undissembled,
Methinks the brute at last has trembled;
As behind the stove he lies,
See him swell and see him pant,
And his bristles how they rise
As he rouses,—and his size
Large as is the elephant,—
Larger yet the room he crowds,—
He will vanish in the clouds,
—Spare the roof in thy retreat,
Lie down at the master's feet
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow
(Mine is not an idle threat)
Of the heat divine—shalt know
Pangs of fiercer torment yet
—Still resisting?—Tarry not
For the three times glowing light,
Blaze beyond endurance bright—
Reluctantly must I at length
Speak the spell of greatest strength

*MEPHISTOPHELES comes forward, as the mist sinks,
in the dress of a travelling scholar from behind
the stove.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why all this uproar? Is there
anything
In my poor power to serve you?

FAUST. This then was
The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—psha!—
A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but
Laugh when I think of it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Most learned master,
Your humble servant—you've been broiling me
After a pretty fashion—sweated me
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

FAUST. Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A frivolous inquiry this from
you—

From one who rates the word so low?
Who, disregarding outward show,
Would look into the essence of the being—

FAUST. With you oftentimes the name
And essence is, I trow, the same,
The name and nature of the being
All one—in nothing disagreeing.
Thus, one is called the god of flies—
One the SEDUCER—one the LIAR.
Now, good, my friend, may I inquire
Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Part of the power that would
Still do evil—still does good.

FAUST. What may this riddle mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am the Spirit that evermore
denies,
And rightly so—for all that doth arise
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing—
No! say I, No! to everything that tries
To bubble into being.

My proper element is what you name
Sin, Dissolution,—in a word, the Bad.

FAUST. You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I speak
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call
—Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light;
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—
A body intercepts it in its course;
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce,
When Bodies perish be extinguished quite.

FAUST. A creditable line of business this;
Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis.
The great projector sees his projects fail,
And would do business on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And even in this way little do I
— gain,

Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will
Obtrude. The rude World contradicts me still.
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance
Asserting undeniable existence,
I have been pounding at it all in vain.
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain
Inviolable—the self-same sea and land.
On the damned stuff,—rank spawn of man and beast,
I can make no impression—not the least.
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing,
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—

Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,
Else were there nothing specially my own.

FAUST. Is it thou?—thou standing there?—thou
to resist

The healthful energy, the animation,
The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well—this point we may talk
about hereafter—

But now, with your permission, I would go.

FAUST. That you can, whether I permit or no,
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day!—
This is the window—that the door—and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am not free: a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell,—
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

FAUST. The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know,—
How was it, that the chain no earlier wrought? —

MEPHISTOPHELES. The lines were not as perfect as
they ought:

The outer angle's incomplete.

FAUST. Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—
A most unlooked-for accident—

Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in—the devil has somehow
Seen it—is in the house—and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

FAUST. Why not the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why?—because

It is enacted in the laws
Which bind us devils and phantoms, 'that
Whatever point we enter at,
We at the same return':—thus we
In our first choice are ever free;—

Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

FAUST. Hell has its codes of law then—well,
I will think better now of Hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere
better—

We keep our compacts to the letter ;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,
And I am hurried—we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again—but now I ask permission
To go.

FAUST. One moment—I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Let me go now—I come again,
You may ask any question then.

FAUST. Aye, old fox, aye, come, catch me there—
I laid no net—I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap—
'Twas your own act, and my good hap ;
Luck like this can hardly last—
Catch the devil and keep him fast—
Part with a prize, on which none could have
reckoned !

The first chance gone, pray who will give a second ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. If you insist on it—I stay ;
And just to while the hours away,
I would amuse you, as I may ;
For I have pleasant arts and power,
With shows to while the passing hour.

FAUST. If it be pleasant, try your art—
As audience I will play my part.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In one hour shall more intense
Pleasure flow on every sense,
Than the weary year could give,
In such life as here you live—

The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,
Are no empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician ;
Picturcs fair and music's tone,
Speak to eye and ear alone ;
But odours sweet around thee sporting
Lingering tastes thy palato courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
Preparation need not we—
Spirits, begin your melody.

SPIRITS *sing.*

Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty
Look in like a friend.
Oh, that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All through the wide heaven !
And look at them smiling
And sparkling in splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender ;
Children of heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
Downward are thronging,
Willing devotion
Flowing to meet them,
Loving hearts longing,
Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
The folds of their bright robes

In breezy air streaming,
Where loving ones living
In love's thoughtful dreaming,
Their fond hearts are giving
For ever away.

Bower on bower,
Tendrils and flower;
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,
Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure—
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over agate and amethyst,
Rolls from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where it
breaks
Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.
And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight
From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.
Onward and onward,
Wings steering sun-ward,
Where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
As over land or over waters
Chance the idle parties scatters.
Some upon the far hills gleaming,
Some along the bright lakes streaming,
Some their forms in air suspending,
Float in circles never-ending.
The one spirit of enjoyment,
Aim, and impulse, and employment;
All would breathe in the far distance
Life, free life of full existence
With the gracious stars above them,
Smiling down to say they love them.

MEPHISTOPHELES. He sleeps,—thanks to my little favourites—

Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,
And so he thought the devil to catch and keep!—
Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—
Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
Antic and wild!—still in illusion steep
His fancy!—hover round and round him yet,
Haply dreaming, that I am
Prisoner of the pentagram!
—Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
Till there be no trace of it;—
Little need of conjuring,
Rats to such a place to bring;
One is rustling in the wall,
He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
Sends his summons to appear;—
Forth! and gnaw the threshold here;—
He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
Till it vanish tooth must toil:—
—Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run
To the task that soon is done;
Yonder angle, 'tis, confines,
Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines:—
Now the corner, near the door,
All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
Dream, FAUST, until we meet again, dream on!

FAUST (*awaking*). Am I again deceived?—and must
I deem

These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
In the delusion of a lying dream?
And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—
And it was but a poodle that escaped!

FAUST'S STUDY

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock!—Come in—who now comes to torment me?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis I.

FAUST. Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You must command me thrice.

FAUST. Come in, then.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That will do—I'm satisfied—
We soon shall be the best friends in the world.

[*Enters.*]

From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.

And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!

FAUST. In every dress alike I can but feel
Life the same torture, earth the self-same prison;
For your light pleasures I am all too old,
Too young to have the sting of passion dead,
The world—what can it give? 'Refrain, refrain!'—
This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in all ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,

I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
 To see another day, which, in its course,
 Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
 The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
 That each day brings, have frittered into dust
 All joy, until the very hope of joy
 Is something that the heart has ceased to feel;—
 And life's poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,
 And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,
 And dissipates, the world, which for itself
 The lonely man's imagination builds;
 —And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
 Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
 Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
 Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
 Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
 Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
 But has no power to move external nature;
 And therefore is existence burdensome,
 And death desirable, and life detested.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

FAUST. Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
 Of splendour, Death around his temples binds
 The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,
 Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,
 Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.
 Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,
 My individual being lost in his,
 Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,
 Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet that night I've seen a
 certain man
 Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

FAUST. A spy too—peering—prying—is it not so?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I know not ALL, but many things
 I know.

FAUST. And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old
 chaunt
 Did win me; and the old remembered words,

And the old music, like a spell recalling
Faded remembrances;—if in the trance
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
To the charmed echo of more happy days—
Know I not—feel I not it was illusion?
We are but what the senses make of us,
And this and all illusion do I curse,
All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds
Over the heart its nets, and chains us here
In thralldom down or voluntary trance,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!
Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes!
And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
The false delusive images of things
That slave and mock the senses! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
Of fame—of deathless and enduring names!
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own,—wife, child, and slave, and plough;—
Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He smoothes the couch of indolent repose;
A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice,
And the passionate joys of love, man's highest joys—
And cursed be all hope and all belief;
And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS.

Woe, woe! thou hast destroyed it!
This beautiful world:
Mighty his hand, who dealt
The blow thro' Nature felt.
Earth withers:
A demigod cursed it—
A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it;
A blight from the bosom that nursed it;

The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate steep,
The fading glitter we mourn and we weep!

Proud and powerful
Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again the pageant splendid—
Oh, restore what thou hast rended—
Be no more the wreck thou art—
Recommence, with clearer sense,
And build within thy secret heart;
Re-create, with better fate,
Another world on firmer ground,
And far and near, and all around,
With songs of joy and triumphing,
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Listen to the witching lay!
Wise and wily ones be they;
Little ones of mine, and good
Children are they—sly and shrewd:
Childlike are their voices—age
Never uttered words more sage;
Active life—the joys of sense
Counsels all experience,—
And my little ones do well,
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
Far from this monastic cell;
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither.
Oh, listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
Which like a vulture preys upon thy life;
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou, too, art a man, and among men—
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
I'm not myself one of the higher orders;
But if you will in company with me
See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
And make arrangements to convenience you,

Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade ;
Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,
Your slave.

FAUST. And what must I give in return ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, time enough to think of that
hereafter.

FAUST. No, no ! the devil is selfish—very selfish—
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature :
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I bind myself to be thy servant
here,

To run and rest not, at thy beck and bidding ;
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

FAUST. THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small
concern ;

When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries !
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves ;
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

MEPHISTOPHELES. With feelings such as these you
well may venture.

Make only the engagement, and at once
All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up :
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

FAUST. Thou—what hast thou—poor devil ? The
mind of man,

Man's seeking, struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings
Infinite—are they things to be conceived
By natures such as thou art ? Yet hast thou,

Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal
 To wile and win us; delicates unloying
 Are—are they not?—among those lures of thine?
 Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly
 Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game
 At which none wins, yet is it play?—a girl
 That with her lavish arms around my breast,
 With willing eyes ogles and wooes another.
 —And splendour hast thou?—rank—wilt give me
 these?

The starlight meteors of ambition's heav'n?
 Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine
 That rots before we gather it—the trees
 That each day bud and bloom anew.¹

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fine things to fancy!—to be
 sure you shall

Have this or any thing you wish to ask for,—
 Something less spiritual were something better;
 But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
 Improving,—we'll have our own pleasant places,
 And our tit-bits—and our snug little parties,
 And—what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet;—
 —I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

FAUST. Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of these
 For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.

If ever I upon the bed of sloth
 Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which
 I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
 Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
 Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
 Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,
 And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Done.

FAUST. Done, say I—clench we at once the bargain.
 If ever time should flow so calmly on,
 Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
 That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,

¹ The worlde that neweth every daie.
 Gower, *Confessio Amantis*.

And hail the happy moment in its course,
 Bidding it linger with me—'Oh, how fair
 Art thou, delicious moment!'—'Happy days,
 Why will ye flee?'—'Fair visions! yet a little
 Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,'
 Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—
 Then willingly do I consent to perish;
 Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;
 'Then is thy service at an end—and then
 The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move—
 For me be time then passed away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Think well upon it—we will not forget.

FAUST. Remember, or forget it, as you please;
 I have resolved—and that not rashly: *here*,
 While I remain, I needs must be a slave—
 What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'll then, belike, at the Doctors'
 Feast to-day

Attend, your humble friend and servitor.
 Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
 I'd wish to have a line or two in writing.

FAUST. And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor
 pedant?

Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's word?
 Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
 My very life—all that I have and am,
 What is it but an echo of my word,
 Pledge of the will that gives it utterance?
 If words be nothing, what is writing more?
 Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
 Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
 Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?
 Must they not roll?—and can it be that I,
 In this perpetual movement, shall not move—
 Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?
 Yet in this fancy all believe alike:
 If a delusion, all men are deluded—
 And is there one that would be undeceived?
 Truth and the feeling of integrity

Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
 For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.
 Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies
 In all his walks—from outward cumberance free—
 Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
 Light to his steps and guidance: oracle
 To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek;
 Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience;
 Of sacrifices reckes not, and repents not.
 But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
 With seal and signature, all shrink from this
 As something that offends and wounds our nature;
 It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
 The letter, and that only binds us now;
 Such virtue, and no other can it have,
 As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—
 But why?—why argue for it or against it?—
 Is writing more than the unwritten word?
 —What, evil one, what is it you require?
 Brass? marble? parchment? paper?—do you wish
 Graver or chisel? or plain pen and ink?—
 Have which you please—any or all of them.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why this excitement? why this
 waste of oratory?

These frantic gestures?—any scrap will do;—
 Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

FAUST. A silly farce—but if it gratifies you—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Blood it must be—blood has pe-
 culiar virtues.

FAUST. Fear not that I will break this covenant:
 The only impulse now that sways my powers,
 My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!
 I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
 My rank is not more high than thine; I am
 Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit;
 Nature is sealed from me; the web of thought
 Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
 I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
 Now in the depths of sensuality
 To still these burning passions; to be wrapped

In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses !
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be ;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nothing whatever is there to re-
strain you—

If your desires be as you say, to taste
Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—
Catching each moment while upon the wing
In random motion all that meets the eye,
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
If any thing will do that is amusing—
I wish you joy of this new life—come on—
Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

FAUST. Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
As, when we stand upon a precipice,
Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl !
From this day forward am I dedicate
To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—
Love agonizing—idolizing hatred—
Cheering vexation—all that animates
And is our nature ; and the heart, serenely
And separated from the toil of knowledge,
Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
Of pain : whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
Expand myself until mankind become
A part, as 'twere, of my identity,
And they and I at last together perish.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A pretty passion for a man to
cherish !

Believe me, who have for some thousand years,
 Day after day, been champing this hard food,
 Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.
 Take a friend's word for it who ought to know,
 Never hath man from cradle to the bier
 Succeeded in digesting the tough dough ;
 To man the Universal is not given.
 The Whole is only for a God—in light
 He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven
 Into the Darkness—yours is Day and Night.

FAUST. This daunts not me !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Said boldly and said well !
 To me there seems to be one obstacle ;
Ars longa, vita brevis—the old story—
 Take a few lessons more—and then determine.
 Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
 Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
 Imagining high attributes to heap
 On you—the lion's magnanimity—
 The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
 That dances in the hearts of Italy—
 The constancy and firmness of the North—
 Let his invention gift you with the secret,
 With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
 To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
 Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
 And thus to reconcile each contrariety.
 A pleasant person this Herr Microcosmos,
 I think I've met him somewhere in society.

FAUST. What am I then—if here too all in vain
 The passions and the senses pant and strain,
 If this—the crown of our humanity
 Is placed on heights I never can attain ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. You are just what you are—nay
 —never doubt it,

Heap lying curls in millions on your head ;
 On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread,
 You are just what you are—that's all about it

FAUST. Alas ! in vain poor I together scraped
 All that man's science till this day hath shown ;

And all that his imagination shaped,
I in ambition's dreams have made my own.
A weary task it was—a sullen strife,
And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,
No new power comes—no strength—no spring of life.
Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,
Far—far as ever from the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Aye! this is Man's presumptuous
view—

Mine, less ambitious, is more true—
Why to these moody fancies give
The rein? while living, why not live?
Why, what the mischief! you have got
Your head—hands—haunch—paunch—and—what not—
But all that I employ—enjoy—
Is it less mine? When to my car
My money yokes six spankers, aye
Their limbs not my limbs? Is't not I
On the proud race-course that dash by?
Yes, I it is that sweep along,
Swift in their speed—in their strength, strong—
Mine all the forces I combine—
• The four-and-twenty legs are mine—
Up! up! throw off this cloud of gloom!
Come! come!—into the world—come! come!—
Away with dreams—your theorist
Is—let me tell you—like a beast
On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit
In one dull circle round and round
Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it
The bright green pastures everywhere abound.

FAUST. But how begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES. First, must we fly from hence—
What place of martyrdom is this? what life
Is this to lead? or can you call it life,
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
Better leave such work to your neighbour Paunch-
man,

Why stay to plague yourself with threshing straw?
Afraid, even in a hunt, to intimate

Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
Your lecture-room ; even now upon the passage
I hear the foot of one.

FAUST. Impossible ; I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The poor lad has been waiting a
long while ;

We should not let him go without some notice ;
A quarter of an hour will do for him—
Come, Doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,
Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—
This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim
Fit for this fashionable trip of ours. [*Exit FAUST.*]

(MEPHISTOPHELES in FAUST's long gown.)

Aye, thus continue to contemn
Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,
And every hope he can inherit !
Still speak despisingly of them,
Heart-hardened by an evil spirit ;
Soul and senses in confusion,
Mocked by magical delusion ;
Still indulge derision vain.
Mine thou art, and must remain !

His is an eager, restless mind,
That presses forward unconfined
And, in the anticipation
Of a brisk imagination,
Ever active, still outmeasures
The slow steps of earthly pleasures :
Him, through the world's wild vanity,
Its wearisome inanity,
Will I hurry forward, thus
Breaking his impetuous
And fiery temper—he will sprawl,
And start, and stand—then stick and fall—
Meats and wines unsatisfying
Shall before his lips be flying—

The withered spirit seeks in vain
Health and refreshment to obtain—
What need of seal and signature
In blood, such spirit to secure ?

STUDENT enters.

STUDENT. I am but just arrived—your name
My chief attraction ; and I came
At once,—forgive my strong desire
To see and speak to him, whose fame
Has spread so far—whom all admire.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fame has been most obliging,
then :

You see a man like other men—
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Ablar instructors.

STUDENT. I entreat
Your care and counsel—with a guide
Where could I better be supplied ?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth—and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come ;
But I love learning more than home—
Have for improvement travelled far——

MEPHISTOPHELES. And in the best place for it are,

STUDENT. And yet, if I the truth may say,

I would I were again away :
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please !
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen ;
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking—
I mourn the hour that I came hither ;
Ear and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

MEPHISTOPHELES. This is all custom : as at first
Unwillingly the young child sips

The breast ; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food on which he lives ;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

STUDENT. Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
With love !—but how is she obtained ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. First, let me beg, that you will
mention

What line of life is your intention ?

STUDENT. Oh, I long ardently to know
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all nature's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Right ; but by prudence still be
guided,

Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

STUDENT. With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure.
A little thoughtless liberty ;
A pleasant summer holiday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Make good use of your time, for
fast

Time flies, and is for ever past ;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline ;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend ;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously !
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace :
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike ;

For days and days you then are taught,
 That, in what hitherto had gone,
 Like eating, and like drinking, on,
 One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
 In this which seemed till now so free.
 But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
 Even so is formed the web of thought;
 One movement leads a thousand threads,
 Unseen they move, as now above
 The shuttle darts, now darts below;
 One beat combines a thousand twines,
 And not unlike would seem the flow
 Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.
 But now in steps *Philosophus*,
 To prove it could not but be thus.
 'The first was so—the second so—
 Then must the third and fourth be so—
 And if the premises be hollow,
 That the conclusion will not follow.'
 The language this of all the schools
 The *Art of Weaving taught by rules*
 That men profound and boys believe!
 Do they teach any one to weave?
 Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives
 Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
 Begins with 'murdering, to dissect',
 The lifeless parts he may inspect—
 The limbs are there beneath his knife,
 And all—but that which gave them life!
 Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,
 That which informed the mass is gone—
 They scrutinize it, when it ceases
 To be itself, and count its pieces—
 Finger and feel them, and call this
 Experiment—analysis.
 Is what we handle then the whole?
 Is there no animating soul?
 In nature is there nothing meant?
 No law, no language of intent?
 Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand

The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses! ' *Encheiresis*
Naturae'—for the phrase expresses
With scorn, that it seems strange should be
In words thus accidentally,
How less than nothing can avail
These tricks of dabbling and detail.

STUDENT. I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No matter—next time you'll get better on—

When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

STUDENT. My brain is stupefied—I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Next—most important thing of all—

With zeal to metaphysics fall.
There, see—or think that you see—plain,
What—does not pass within the brain.
Our faculties are too confined
To guide us here—the human mind
Fails—and we are and must be blind.
Thoughts are or are not in the head,—
Use serviceable words instead;
But first be sure the next half-year
At every lecture to appear—
Five hours each day for lecturing—
Be there the moment the bells ring.
Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care;
Have every paragraph well conned,
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
The matter written in his book;
Then as you write his dictates, look
That you take down *verbatim* all
And every sentence he lets fall,
As if each sentence scripture were,
That comes from the professor's chair.

STUDENT. This, sir, you need not tell me twice—
I feel how useful the advice;

What one has thus in black and white,
He can take home with him at night.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But what profession is your
choice?

STUDENT. Law shall not ever have my voice.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In this, I own, you show discern-
ing:

I know, and do not love, this learning.
Laws everywhere are like the taint
Of an inherited complaint,
The curse of an infected race:
Their downward progress you may trace,
From land to land, through blighted nations,
Afflicting distant generations—
Reason made nonsense, good intent,
In lapse of time warped from its true sense,
Things for the common welfare meant,
Becoming thus a common nuisance.
Unhappy, that it was thy fate
To have been born an age too late.
The laws for thy great grandsire made
Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—
Must be obeyed, and why? Because,
Bad though they be, they are the laws;
But of the rights by nature taught,
And born with man, they take no thought.

STUDENT. You deepen my abhorrence for
That, which I did before abhor—
I wish to learn Theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I fear to lead you wrong—and I
Speak here with more of hesitation.

It is a dangerous vocation,
This same Theology: its ways
Are such a tangled serpent maze—
Such poison everywhere disguised—
And everywhere as medicine prized—
That which is which, or why 'tis so,
Few can conjecture—none can know.

The best thing that the case affords
Is—stick to some one doctor's words :
Maintain his doctrines out and out,
Admit no qualifying doubt ;
But stick to words at any rate,
Their magic bids the temple gate
Of Certainty fly safely ope—

Words, words alone, are your best hope.

STUDENT. But in each word must be a thought——

MEPHISTOPHELES. There is, or we may so assume,—
Not always found, nor always sought,
While words—mere words, supply its room.
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
In building up a favourite system ;
With words men dogmatize, deceive ;
With words dispute, on words believe ;
And be the meaning much or little,
The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

STUDENT. Pardon—I feel my questions tease
you.

Just for a moment more—one word
On Medicine, so please you.
With but three years for it, it were absurd
For one like me, without a guide,
To enter on a course so wide ;
And your experience may suggest,
In such a field, what path is best.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I'm sick of this pedantic
tone,

'Too long assumed. Now for my own !

(*Aloud.*) The trade of medicine's easiest of all :
'Tis but to study all things—everywhere—
Nature and man—the great world and the small—
Then leave them at haphazard still to fare.
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science—
Who learns the little that he can, does well :
The secret of the art is self-reliance.
A man can learn but what he can ;
Who hits the moment is the man.

—You are well made—have common sense,
 And do not want for impudence.
 Be fearless—others will confide no less,
 When you are confident of your success—
 The only obstacle is indecision;
 But, above all, win to yourself the women—
 They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
 And the one cure for them is the Physician.
 A due consideration for the sex
 Will teach the value of decorous seeming:
 Let but appearances be unsuspicious,
 And they are everything their doctor wishes.
 The title 'Doctor' is essential,
 Our university credential,
 That, as in one approved and tried,
 They may undoubtingly confide.
 Then in the very earliest stage
 Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
 Enjoying every privilege
 Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom;
 Although the young physician's eyes
 Exhibit half, and half disguise
 Something, like tenderness, the while
 Mingling with the habitual guile
 Of the sly acquiescent smile:
 Then may you feel the taper wrist,
 Nor will there one of them resist
 The hand professionally prest
 —Permitted boldness—on her breast,
 Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
 To feel how much too tight her zone.

STUDENT. This seems more feasible—one sees
 Something like reason in all this—
 Winning the household through the wife.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Theory, friend, is old and grey,
 And green the golden tree of life!

STUDENT. Is this reality?—so like a dream
 All seems! May I, upon some future day,
 Resume my visit?—learn the grounds and root
 Of these your doctrines?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come when it may suit,

STUDENT. One favour more—deem not your guest
Intrusive—grant me this request—
Just in my album write a line.

MEPHISTOPHELES With pleasure

[Writes, and returns the Book.

STUDENT (reads) *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum
et malum*

[Shuts it respectfully, and exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES If the wily proverb guide thee,
and my cousin the sly snake,

A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee make !

FAUST (enters). Where go we now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES Oh ! wheresoe'er you please ;—
See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper.

FAUST What, with my long beard ?

How shall I turn it into decent shape ?

And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life—why, the experiment must fail !

I cannot—never could at any time—

Be what society requires : I am

Abashed in company—shall every moment

Be at a loss !

MEPHISTOPHELES My good friend, have no fear
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is
The only art of life.

FAUST. How do you mean
To travel ?—where are servants ? horses ? carriage ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We only spread this mantle out,
and it

Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.

Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage :

A little gas, which I will soon have ready,

Will lift us high above the earth ;—light laden,

We will move fast, and soon be far away !

Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—

A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it !

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG

SET OF MERRY COMPANIONS.

FROSCH. Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly!
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!
All dull and damp—smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather!

BRANDER 'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to to-night?

FROSCH (*throws a glass of wine over BRANDER's head*)
Have both.

BRANDER Brute that you are! Were I not loath—

FROSCH You got but what you asked me for.

SIEBEL. Come, come, we'll have no civil war—
We'll have no difference of opinion
In this our absolute dominion
Whoever quarrels, kick him out—
Now raise the chorus round about—
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—

With holla—holla—ho!

ALTMAYER. Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton!
the cheers

Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

SIEBEL When the arches ring again,
We feel the bass in full power then.

FROSCH Right, right, say I, with all my heart,
If any one in evil part
Takes anything, that here is done,
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son

ALTMAYER A tara—lara—da

FROSCH All throats are tuned.

(Sings)

*The holy Romish empire now,
How does it hold together?*

BRANDER. A nasty song—psa!—a political song
 A most offensive song. Thank God each day,
 Rising from bed, that you have nought to say
 With governing this Romish empire; I
 Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,
 I am not Emperor or Chancellor;
 Still I see no sufficient reason why
 We should not have a ruler;—I propose
 That we elect a Pope—what qualification
 Should mark a candidate for consecration,
 All of ye know.

FROSCH (*sings*). *Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
 Greet my love ten thousand times.*

SIEBEL. Love-meetings and greetings—let us not
 hear of them.

FROSCH. Love-greetings and meetings—who can
 keep clear of them?

(*Sings.*)

Undo the door in stilly night—
 Open latch—thy love keeps watch;
 For thy sake—is he awake,
 Shut-to the door at morning's light.

SIEBEL. Yes! sing, sing on—a little while sing on!
 Sing her sweet praises!—I will laugh anon.
 Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
 Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—
 Has played the same tricks with each man that sought
 her—

I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
 On a cross-road—or that, from the witch-dances
 On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
 With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
 Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies;
 A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,
 To be thus thrown away were far too good;
 From me no serenading should she gain,
 Other than dashing in each window-pane.

BRANDER (*striking on the table*). Silence there—silence
 —all attend to me—

Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live;
And, as some of us seem in love to be,
A song for love-sick people will I give.
Your merry singer is the best physician
For a poor devil in such sad condition.
Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—
And listen to a song of the first pattern—
And all join in the chorus:—

(Sings.)

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smother;
He dined on butter, supped on fat,
And looked like Doctor Luther.
The cook put poison in his way,
And when our poor rat tasted it,
He felt a cramping in his heart,
As fierce as if Love wasted it
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.
In pain he fell—in pain he sprang,
The cook with pleasure gazed at it;
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
To run into the kitchen;
He fell down on the hearth, and lay
Convulsing there and screeching.
Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
In death, and feel she hastened it.
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,
As sure as if Love wasted it.
As sure as if Love wasted it.

SIRBEL. How the heavy logs enjoy it,
As if a rat had nothing good,
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

BRANDER. The rats, it seems, are special favourites;
Creatures of gentle generous blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

ALTMAYER. Old baldpate, with the paunch there,—
how his wits
Are gone!—to him the rat's case his own case is—
With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELLES and FAUST enter.

MEPHISTOPHELLES (*in conversation with FAUST*).—And
first I feel anxiety,
To show you our 'Society
Of merry fellows';—free and gay,
Regular rioters are they.
And their whole life is holiday;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are—what these men possess:
With lively spirits—self-concert—
And little, very little wit—
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found;—
Each night, their songs—their drink—their game—
Their mirth—their very jests the same;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten:
They ask no more than thus to sup—
Without a head-ache to get up—
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied—and thus they live!

BRANDER. They're travellers off a journey, you may
see it
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

FROSCH. You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I,
for ever!

Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:
You'd know our Leipzig people anywhere.
Their manners are so finished.

SIEBEL. But these strangers,
What think you, are they?

FROSCH. Only wait a moment—
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—
I'll worm it out of them as easily
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
For managing them: I guess that they belong
To the nobility, they look so haughty,
So distant,—you would almost say—displeased.

BRANDER. They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any
wager.

ALTMAYER. Probably.

FROSCH. See if I don't sciew it out.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Always the same, they
never scent the devil,

Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

FAUST. Your servant, gentleman—

SIEBEL. Thanks, sir, and yours—
(*Looking at MEPHISTOPHELES; in a low tone.*)

The fellow limps a little on one foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Will you permit us to sit down
with you,

And for good wine, which cannot be had here,

Give us the pleasure of good company?

ALTMAYER. You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

FROSCH. You are lately come from Rippach, are you
not, sirs?—

Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

MEPHISTOPHELES. To-day we did not stop;—last
time we spoke to him

He told us some good stories of his cousins—

And sent his compliments to each of you.

ALTMAYER. A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to
be done.

SIEBEL. He knows the world, and how to make out life.

FROSCH. Wait, wait, until—I'll have him before long.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Was I deceived, for just as we came in

We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
Of practised voices?—what a rich effect
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

FROSCH. You are a virtuoso then—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, no!

My skill is next to none—but I love music.

ALTMAYER. Give us a song—

MEPHISTOPHELES. A hundred, if you please.

SIEBEL. Something original—something brand-new.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We're just returned from Spain,
romantic Spain,

The land of wine and song.

(Sings.)

Once on a time there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—

But dearer far than queen or son,

He loved a big black flea.

FROSCH. A flea! is it possible I heard him right?
A flea! oh, what a guest to grace a palace!

Once on a time, there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—

But dearer far than queen or son,

He loved a big black flea!

He called the royal tailor,

Who measures him, and stitches

A coat for the young favourite,

And a little pair of breeches.

BRANDER. Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor
strictly

That they be well and fashionably made—

And as he sets a value on his head,
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of silk and satin were the clothes
Our young lord looked so fine in—
He sported ribands—and a cross
Upon his breast was shining!
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily,
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,
And were afraid to scratch 'em :
They cursed the flea and all his kin,
But did not dare to catch 'em !
But we, if we get sting or bite,
None hinders us to scratch 'em ;
And if the fleas be troublesome,
We kill them when we catch 'em.

CHORUS.—*And if, &c.*

FROSCH. Bravo ! bravo ! that was excellent.

SIEBEL. We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

BRANDER. With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

ALTMAYER. Freedom and Wine for ever !—Wine and Freedom !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom ;

But that your wines are execrably bad.

SIEBEL. You must not venture to say this again !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only I fear to vex our worthy host,

I'd give you something better from our cellars.

SIEBEL. Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

FROSCH. Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—

None of your sample thimblefuls for me—
 When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—
 That is the only way to judge of it.

ALTMAYER (*in a low voice*). I've strong suspicions
 they are from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Bring me a gimlet.

BRANDER. What to do with it?—

You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

ALTMAYER. Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of
 tools.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking up the gimlet*). Now say
 what wine you wish.

FROSCH. What do you mean?

Have you so many?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Each may choose his favourite.
 ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*). Ha! you begin to lick your
 lips already.

FROSCH. Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the
 Rhenish:

The best gifts we receive are from our country.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the table
 opposite FROSCH's seat*). Now get a little wax—
 and make some stoppers.

ALTMAYER. 'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*). Sir, your choice?

BRANDER. I'll have Champagne—sparkling Cham-
 pagne for me!

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores again; one of the party
*has in the mean time prepared the wax stoppers
 and stopped the gimlet holes.*

BRANDER. One cannot always do without the
 Foreigner—

But give him to me in the shape of wine.

A true-born German hates with all his heart

A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*). I'd
 have you know I hate all acid wines—

Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Tokay

Then let it be.

ALTMAYER. No, gentlemen, this won't do!
Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:
I see you but bamboozle us!—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes! yes!
A very likely story—to play tricks
On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—
Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give
you?—

ALTMAYER. Any and all! whatever I can get.

(*After all the holes are bored and stopped, MEPHISTOPHELES, with strange gestures.*)

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn
Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
All is clear to him that seeth—
Lift the veil and look beneath,
It is but a deeper glance
Under Nature's countenance—
Now behold—your prophet saith—
Miracles—if you have faith.
Every man draw up his stopper,
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

ALL (*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has
chosen runs into his glass*).

Flow on, bright rill—flow on and fill
Our hearts with joy—flow on at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Drink—but be cautious how you
spill:
There's danger if a drop but falls.
[They drink repeatedly.]

ALL (*sing*).

That we will—that we will!—

Happy as the cannibals:
Like five hundred swine we swill.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

FAUST. Take me away—I'll not come here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Wait till you see them in their glory:

We'll soon have fun!

SIEBEL (*drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine, which turns to flame*). Help, help! fire, fire!—Hell fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Down, friendly Element!—be still, I say—

—This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory!

SIEBEL. What means the fellow? Damn him—he shall pay

Dearly for this: you'd think he did not know us.

FROSCH (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*). Better take care no tricks like this to show us.

ALTMAYER. The sooner we get rid of him the better—There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

SIEBEL. You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety; Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Silence, old wine-tub!

SIEBEL. Broomstick! one would think He might rest satisfied with these feats of his, Without being impudent into the bargain.

BRANDER. Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you!

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table; fire flies out*). I'm burnt—I'm burning!

SIEBEL. Kill him—kill the scoundrel! He's a magician!—Kill him! he's fair game!

[*They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.*

(MEPHISTOPHELES *with solemn gestures*).

Wandering voices mock the ear!

Forms, that phantoms are, appear!

Be ye far away, and near!

Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*

ALTMAYER. Where am I?—in what lovely land?

FROSCH. What a show of vineyards near!

SIEBEL. Clustering grapes invite the hand.

BRANDER. See them through the green leaves here—
Ripe and heavy—look at them ;—

Oh ! what grapes and such a stem !

[*He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and are raising their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as from above*).

Clouds of Error pass away !

See ye how the Devil can play !

Let each startled reveller

See who plays the Devil here.

[*Vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.*

SIEBEL. What's this ?

ALTMAYER. How's this ?

FROSC. Is this your nose ?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*). And yours, on which my
fingers close ?

ALTMAYER. I feel the shock through every limb ;
A chair !—I faint !—my eyes grow dim !

FROSC. What is the matter with you all ?

SIEBEL. Where is he ? what's become of him ?
If I can catch him, how I shall—

ALTMAYER. Catch him, indeed ! 'tis easy trying

To deal with such—I saw him flying

Out of the cellar on a cask—

You may as well give up the task :

Heavy as lead these feet of mine

Are grown.—(*Turning towards the table.*) We've lost
our well of wine.

SIEBEL. All was deception—trick—design !

FROSC. Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine !

BRANDER. The ripe grapes too—did they deceive ?
—Who after this can but believe ?

WITCH'S KITCHEN

On a low hearth a large cauldron is on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures. A FEMALE CAT-APÉ (little long-tailed monkey) is sitting beside the cauldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over. THE MALE CAT-APÉ, with the young ones, sits near, warming himself ;—fantastic articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, &c.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—

And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness ?—
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel ?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters ?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone !

—Is there in Nature no restorative
But this ? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now do I recognize my friend's
good sense ;—

Yes ! there are also natural means, by which
Life's bloom and vigour may again be given ;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

FAUST. I will learn it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There is a means, and it requires
not gold,

Magic, or medicine ;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon

Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
 Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation
 Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
 The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
 Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,
 And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUST. This cannot be—I am not used to it—
 Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
 Such narrow life would never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We must recur then to the witch.

FAUST. Why so?

—What's the particular use of an old hag
 In the matter? Can't you cook the draught yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES. That were a pretty waste of time

—why, man,

A thousand bridges might be built, before
 'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
 But patience must brood over it—the spirit
 In silence must remain for years fermenting;
 Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it,—
 All things belonging to it are mysterious—
 Its powers and its ingredients wonderful—
 True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
 But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—
 What a handsome crew they are—both maid and
 man.—

(*To the APES.*) It seems the mistress is from home.

THE APES. Gone from home—to the rout,
 Through the chimney she went out;
 Gone to carouse

On the chimney stone on the top of the house!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Will she stay

Long away?

APES. 'Twixt the time she comes and goes,

We can scarcely warm our toes.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What think you of these dear
 young creatures?

FAUST. All makes me sick—voice, form, and fea-
 tures!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, I must own, I greatly relish

The graces which their style embellish.

[*To the APES.*]

Tell me, execrable baby,
What the mess you mingle may be—
And the lumps, my pretty jewel!
That are floating in the gruel.

APES. A beggar's dish—we boil and stew it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And most men, without knowing,
chew it.

OLD APE (*fawning upon MEPHISTOPHELES*). Throw
the dice—begin, begin—
I am poor, so let me win—
Me to win, and you to lose,
Is the way that I would choose—
Money's all in all;—the witch
Is made honest, if made rich.
Give me gold, and by that rule,
Who will say I am a fool?

MEPHISTOPHELES. As the Ape talks of gold, see his
lips growing watery,
I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

THE OLD APE (*while the young CAT-APES are playing and
rolling round a large bowl*).

Such is the world!
So is it twirled,
Now rolling onward,
Now rolling downward,
Ceaselessly, restlessly,
Still does it spin;
Like glass it is brittle,
And broken by little,
Glimmering, shimmering,
Hollow within—
Living am I—
Stop, my dear son,
Thy sporting have done,
Think thou must die!
All is clay,
And must crumble away!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What's the purpose of the sieve ?

APE. If a man comes here to thieve,
With this eye-glass thus we view him ;
Laise it thus, and thus look through him.

[Runs to the FEMALE, and makes her look through it at MEPHISTOPHELES.]

Through the sieve look there—look straight—
Read his features—read his fate.

Answer, if thou art not deaf—
Dost thou know him—the old thief ?
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,
To name him by his proper name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. And what's the meaning of the
pot ?

APE. How silly a sot,
To ask what's what ;
The fool knows not
The use of the pot—
The use of the kettle—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Unmannerly wittol,
Be quiet a little.

APE. Be brisk—take the whisk,—and sit down on
the settle. *[Forces MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.]*

FAUST *(who has been all this time before a glass, now approaching, and now standing off from it).*

What is this that I see—how heavenly fair
The form that shines in this enchanted glass !
Oh ! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
That I may fly away to where she is !
Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
And living in another atmosphere !
Alas ! if from this spot I do but stir,
If I but venture to approach more near,
There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her ;—
Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
Oh ! beautiful transcendently—has Earth
Charms such as this—in that reclining form,
Say rather that all charms of many heavens

United are.—Can this indeed be woman ?
Can this, indeed, be a created being ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fine cause of wonderment !—
after seven days

Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
And who admired his workmanship, made something,
Worth looking at ! Aye, gaze on her in rapture—
This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
That I am pretty safe in promising :
Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home !

[FAUST continues looking into the glass—MEPHISTOPHELES, lolling on the settle, and with the whisk in his hand, continues speaking.

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

THE APES (who have been playing all kind of fantastic gambols, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown with loud acclamations).

Monarch proud—
With sweat and blood
Smear it—wear it—

[They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it
in two pieces, with which they go dancing about.

'Tis done—'twas to be ;
We speak and we see—
We hearken—we listen—
We rhyme and we reason.

FAUST (still before the glass). Alas ! I feel my senses
leaving me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And stranger still, even my head's
growing giddy !

APES. We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink ;
Sense unsought—thus is caught ;—
Every jingle is a thought—
Every word with meaning fraught—
Language, glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us ;

Let but your own fancy mingle
 With the jargon and the jangle,
 As you listen to the lays;
 Bring the meaning you are gleaning,
 Give the poet all the praise.

FAUST (*as before*). My heart's on fire—let us depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES. This is the true poetic art—
 And I have never met with prettier poets,
 Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.
[The cauldron, which the Female CAT-APÉ has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over—a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney.—THE WITCH comes down through the flame with horrid screams.

THE WITCH. Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!
 Damned beast! cursed sow!—
 The pot has boiled over—the broth's overturned,
 The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned!

Damned beast—
 And what is this?
[Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.
 And who are ye?
 What brings ye here?
 Who sent ye here?
 May fiery pain
 Burn bone and brain!

[Dips the skimming ladle in the cauldron, and sprinkles the flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the CAT-APES—the APES whine.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses*). Broken, broken!
 Hell-broth splashing,
 Glasses crashing,
 Payment for the words you've spoken!
 It is all in sport, my honey!
 Nothing but a frolic funny!
 Keeping time, old carrion odious,
 Fitly with thy voice melodious!

[THE WITCH steps back with rage and astonishment.

Knowest thou no more than that o' me,

Thou raw-boned old Anatomy!

Skeleton! the devil blast her!

—Know you not your Lord and Master?

Shall I dash the old deceiver's

Bones into a thousand shivers?

Smash her, and cats, and crocks together?

—Know ye not my vest's red leather?

Know ye not the cock-tail feather?

What mask is there upon my features,

To hide me thus from my own creatures?

And am I called upon to mention

My name, my rank, and my pretension?

THE WITCH. Pardon, my Lord, this rough salute:

I do not see the cloven foot,—

And where are your two ravens?—Where—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Enough, old fool,—for once I
spare;—

'Tis long since we have met, and strange

Has been, in such a time, the change—

The world's grown wise—in every movement

Is seen the Spirit of Improvement;

Reform to everything extended—

Among the rest the devil is mended;

For court has left his wildernesses,

Thrown off his ancient savage dresses;

The curling tail and talons horrid,

And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.

All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,

By modern education banished!

—As to the foot—against my will,

I bear that witness with me still;

'Twould injure me in the good graces

Of some who figure in high places;

So, what I can, I do to hide it,

And for the purpose, am provided

With padded calves—and thus am able

To limp no more than 's fashionable—

Many young men, that I might mention,

Avail themselves of the invention.

THE WITCH. Satan again—my own old boy,
Once more with me!—I'll die with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Woman, that name—I beg to be
excused—

Call me not so again.

THE WITCH. And why? and wherefore? what the
mischief ails

The good old name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It has been too much used,
And sounds like something in the fairy tales;
Is so familiar, that men deem it fable;
Men believe nothing now above the level
Of every-day experience—they are able
To disprove all things;—don't believe a letter
That speaks of me,—are they for this the better?
—Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil!
Call me Lord Baron—no one can object
To that, or some such title of respect.
I am a cavalier, as good
As any—am of ancient blood;
Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it—
See here—I never go without it.

[Struts about with pompous gestures.

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*). Ha! ha!—this
is so like you—is so clever—

You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). This, everyday's ex-
perience teaches,

Is the true way to deal with witches.

THE WITCH. What, gentlemen, would you desire
To drink?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I thank you—we require
A bumper—one will be enough—
Of—you know well the right old stuff.
Give us the oldest you have here.

(*To FAUST*). Its strength is doubled every year!

THE WITCH. Most willingly—you need not ask
A second time—here is a flask,
I taste myself, now and again—
You'll not find any smell remain.

Here—take a dram—but if I give it
To him—you know he can't outlive it
An hour, unless some charm protect
His life from the assured effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES. He is a friend, 'twill do him good—
Thrives like yourself on witches' food—
There's nothing you can give that is
Too strong for such a stomach as his.
Come—chalk your circle—chant your charm—
Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

[THE WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes
a circle, and places strange things within it.
Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring;
the caldron to sound and make music. Lastly,
she brings a great book, places the CAT-APES
within the circle; one is made to serve her for
a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs
to FAUST to approach.

FAUST (to MEPHISTOPHELES). No, no! I'm sick of
the whole scene!

What good is it? what can it mean?
These raving gestures? and this rapid
Torrent of nonsense? filthy—vapid
And loathsome cheat.—I've seen such stuff
Before; and hated it enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis pure professional farce—mere
fudge—

You should not be so hard a judge!
She is but acting the physician;
This hocus-pocus exhibition
Assists the cure—makes the draught operate
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

[She makes FAUST enter the circle.

THE WITCH (with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim
from the book).

Understand me let all men!
Of One make Ten,
Let Two go then:
Bid Three

Now be
The square of Three:
Thus the Witch
Makes you rich;
Drop Four
From your score:
From Five and Six
You should fix
To take Seven and Eight away,
Then all is clear as day.
And Nine is One,
And Ten is None,
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

FAUST. She seems in earnest, old deceiver!
—How like the ravings of a fever!

MEPHISTOPHELES. There is an endless volume of this stuff—

I ought to know it—I've lost time enough
Puzzling it out—for downright contradiction
Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.
My friend, in the old almanack of history,
You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction;
And by the help of this, or some such juggle,
Errors spread wide;—truth suffers in the struggle.
Doctrines are lisped by infants; taught in schools,
And are believed: for who contends with fools?
To customary words men still will link
Their faith—poor dolts—imagining they think!

THE WITCH. The height, the might,
Of wisdom's light,

The knowledge from the wide world hidden,
Cheers humblest minds:
Who seeks not finds:

The welcome guest is the unbidden.

FAUST. This nonsense, so like meaning, splits
My skull. I soon would lose my wits:
Methinks, a million fools in choir
Are raving and will never tire.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Enough! enough! incomparable
sibol!

Hand us the drink—fill the cup to the brim—
 No thimblefuls for us—no niggard dribble—
 Fear not—such draught will never injure him,
 He is one of us, and of the highest grade :
 Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid !

[THE WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the
drink into a cup : as FAUST raises it to his
mouth, a light flame rises.

Off with it fast—why should you fear it ?
 —Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
 How 's this ? *my friend*, and much the same
 As one of us—afraid of flame ?

[THE WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUST *steps out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Now ! out at once !
 you must not rest !

THE WITCH (to FAUST). Much good may it do !
 (*Aside*) I hope the best !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to THE WITCH) If I can serve you,
 sure you might

Command me, on Walpurgis night.

THE WITCH. Here is a song—a pretty glee

Hum it a few times,—you will see

Some merit in it, and effect

More than you would at first expect.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Come, quick ! be for
 the present guided !

This draught will do you good, provided

It gets fair play ; but it requires

Brisk motion till the frame perspires,

And its full force is felt to dart

At once through each and every part.

And then, not sooner, will I teach

What joys the lazy hand can reach,

Of indolent voluptuousness.

The pleasures that our nobles bless ;—

Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,

Will Cupid rock him to and fro.

Already the young urchin lurks

Within, and in the spirit works.

FAUST. Once more !—one other look into the glass !—

Fair form—too fair more than a form to be !
 MEPHISTOPHELES Come ! come ! no form the beauties can surpass,
 That soon in living woman thou shalt see !
(Aside.) With this draught in him he will meet
 A Helena in every street !

THE STREET

FAUST *(to MARGARET passing on)*. Fair lady, may
 I offer you my arm,
 And will you suffer me to see you home ?
 MARGARET I am no lady—and I am not fair.
 I want no guide to show me the way home.
[Disengages herself, and exit.]

FAUST. By Heaven, she is a lovely child ;
 A fairer never met my eye,
 Modest she seems, and good and mild,
 Though something pert was her reply—
 The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
 My youth hath not departed quite !
 She passed, her timid eyes declining,
 Deep in my heart they still are shining—
 And her light sprits' lively play
 Hath stolen me from myself away !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

FAUST. Harken here, sir, get me the girl ; and fast.
 MEPHISTOPHELES. The girl !—what girl ?—
 FAUST. She that this moment passed.
 MEPHISTOPHELES. What—she ? she was but now at
 church
 At her confession—I was there.
 And, hid by the confession chair,
 Was listening to her from my lurch.
 Poor thing—she is all innocence—

Had nothing in the world to tell !

With such to meddle is not well.

Her purity is a defence,

That leaves the tempter no pretence.

Upon this child I have no power.

FAUST. She's past fourteen, if she's an hour !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Could *Liederlich* be worse than this ?

The profligate, whose folly is,

To think each flower of beauty his.

Calls it a purchasable trifle,

And every charm he sees would rifle ;

Thinks truth and honour but a name—

My friend, give up this hopeless game.

FAUST. Sound doctrine this, most reverend,

I hope your sermon's at an end :

Now, once for all, conceited fellow,

I am determined on't, and tell you,

She must, this very night, be mine :

You and I part, if you decline.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Compose yourself—be reasonable—

If in a fortnight I be able

To make out opportunities !

FAUST. A fortnight ! give me but seven hours !

I want no devil to help me then,

And ask no aid from any powers

But those belonging to all men,

To fool a child like this with ease,

And make her anything I please.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How like a Frenchman ! I regret

To see you discontented ; yet

Why thus impatient ? the delight

Is, after all, less exquisite,

Than when with some delay and doubt,

And difficulty fenced about,

You win the treasure guarded long ;

Play with the pretty thing awhile,

And toy and trifle and beguile,

And to your will the 'soft wax mould,—
As witness many a story told,
Of true love in Italian song.

FAUST. But, fortunately, I require
No such incentives to desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now, not to take or give offence,
Believe me, here all violence
Is useless—in a little while
The damsel may be won by guile;—
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress—storming it were vain!

FAUST. Give me, meanwhile, some little thing
Of hers—a garter or a ring—
A kerchief from her snowy breast—
Show me the chamber of her rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES. To prove how sensibly I feel
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal;
I gratify, without delay,
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

FAUST. And shall I see her? have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

She to a neighbour's has to go,
And when I find that she is gone,
You may indulge yourself alone;
Breathe in the very room where she
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

FAUST. May we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It scarce were pleasant
So early.

FAUST. Make me out some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Presents so soon! this promises
Speedy success—they all love dress!
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,
Where such things are, and many a treasure
Buried of old, and soon will find
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.

EVENING

A NEAT LITTLE ROOM.

MARGARET. I would give something now to know
 The gentleman who met me, though ;
 He had a proud and princely air,
 Is one of the nobility ;
 Look on his brow, you read it there,
 And if he were not, he would stare
 With somewhat more civility. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come in—tread softly—but come
 in.

FAUST (*after a pause*). Leave me, now leave me,
 I entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*). The place is tidy
 and quite clean ;
 —Not every damsel's is so neat.

FAUST (*looking round*). How calm ! how happy [Exit,
 dwells the tender light
 In this still sanctuary reposing here,
 And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
 And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,
 I give myself to thee ! Oh, love, whose breath
 Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
 Be thou henceforth my life !

How round us breathe

In everything the same prevailing quiet
 And neatness, and the feeling of contentment !
 —In low estate what more than riches are,
 And this poor cell how very, very happy !
 [He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside
 the bed.

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Gathering have clung—perhaps beside this seat
A happy child—I well can fancy it—
Even now she scarce is more—on Christmas eve
My love has bent her at her grandsire's feet;
'Mong the good children each year to receive
The gifts that heaven's dear child comes down to give.
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in everything,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with crisp sand crackling to the tread.
Everywhere round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,
And, nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

And thou? what brings thee hither now?
In this mad moment what art thou?
These softenings of the heart! and then
This rage of wild desire again!

Poor Faust! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
Else why this burning passion strange?
And why to love this sudden change?
Are we the sport of every breath of air?

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward! at her feet
In what confusion sink!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*). Away—I see her at the door.

FAUST. I go, and I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES. This casket, with its jewels rare,
I got it—but no matter where—
Or—what was to be given instead,—
Some things are better left unsaid;—
Quick—put it in the press—’twill seize on
Her fancy—lull asleep her reason;
Then, guess you, how the dream will end.
I got them for another friend:
The casket and the trifles in it
He thought might buy a happy minute;
And he was one who knew the fashion
In which to woo, and woman’s passion;
But child is child, and maid and lover
Play the same game the wide world over.

FAUST. I know not; ought I?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Can you ask it?

Perhaps you wish to keep the casket;
If so—and that ’tis avarice—
I wish you joy of this cheap vice;
I’m glad the momentary bubble
Of love has burst—it saves me trouble;
And easier pastimes you may find
Than practising upon her mind.
My poor brain scarcely understands
What you are at—I rub my hands
And scratch my head.

[*Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.*]

Come—come—what do you mean? the object is
To wind this sweet young child to your wish and will.
And now—as I live—you're looking starched and
chill,

As if you were going up to your lecture-chair
With PHYSICS in the body standing there,
And METAPHYSICA in her grey hair.

Come! come!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARGARET (with a lamp).

MARGARET. It feels so close, so sultry here.
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.
—When will my mother come? A thrill
Runs through my frame—I am, I fear,
A foolish, foolish woman.

[*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*]

There was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid;
And she who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize;
And ever, as he drank of it,
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

Up stood the gay old monarch;
For the last time up he stood;
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
 And sinking in the sea ;
 His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
 And never more drank he.

[She opens the press to put in her clothes, and perceives the casket.]

How came this brilliant casket here ?
 I locked the press, I'd almost swear.
 The cover 's beautiful—I wonder
 What it may be that lies under ?
 Some pledge for money by my mother
 Lent to somebody or other.

I think I'll open it—and, see,
 Attached to it, and tempting me,
 A riband with a little key.
 How very beautiful it is !
 I've never seen the like of this !
 Jewels and pearls !—At mask or ball
 'Twould grace the proudest dame of all
 Who glitter at high festival.
 I wonder how 'twould look on me ?
 Whose can the glorious splendour be ?

[She puts them on, and stands before the glass.]

Oh, if I had these ear-rings only !
 Drest thus, I seem a different creature !
 What good are charms of form and feature

Though poor maids are
 Both mild and fair,
 The world for ever leaves them lonely—
 Man may praise,
 Yet half he says

Seems less like kindness than compassion—
 For gold he strives,
 For gold he wives—

Alas ! the poor are not in fashion !

PROMENADE

FAUST *walking up and down in thought—to him*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. By Love, which I condemn, and
Hell's
Essence of fire—things can't be worse :
Oh, that I could be something else
Than what I am, that I might curse !
FAUST. What ails thee now ? What pinches thee
so sore ?
A face like that I never saw before.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'd damn myself to everlasting
evil,
But that I am myself the devil.

FAUST. This frantic scene—what can it mean ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Think, only think, that splendid
set

Of pearls, I got for Margaret,
A priest has made his own of them.
Her mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected.
The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,
Or, for she has a fine sharp nose,
Through the house prowling, prying goes,
On the scent to ascertain,
For the smell decides right well
What is holy, what profane,
She snuffled at the chain and gem,
Found not the smell she likes in them.
'My child,' she said, 'things thus unholy,
Or suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
To the Virgin Mary bring
These in humble offering,—

FAUST

M

Sinful things of earth we give,
 And receive from Heaven, instead,
 Heaven's own food restorative,
 That our precious souls may live
 Fed on manna—angels' bread !'
 At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,
 Provoked at having lost the present :
 Why, thought she, is the gift rejected ?
 Or he, who gave it me, suspected ?
 The giver is a rich man—must
 Be generous—and therefore just
 And good—and why should we distrust ?
 The mother straight sends for the priest ;
 He comes, and he enjoys the jest.
 His features brighten up with rapture,
 And thus he preaches o'er his capture :—
 ' You feel the matter right, dear madam ;
 These pearls—'twere wrong the poor child had 'em :
 To them who strive is grace accorded,
 And he who conquers is rewarded.
 The Church will feel (we cannot question)
 No difficulty of digestion ;
 Will swallow without fear of surfeit
 The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit ;
 Whole realms, their produce and their profit,
 She eats up, and thinks nothing of it :
 " True Uartha alone, with conscious quiet,
 Can thrive upon this doubtful diet."

FAUST. That this is false each day evinces,
 Or true as well of Jews and princes.

MEPHISTOPHELES. On this, he swept into his pocket
 Ear-rings and bracelet, chain and locket,
 And made no more of pearls and casket,
 Than if he pocketed a basket
 Of nuts,—then treats them with a lecture
 On vanity,—states his conjecture
 Upon the uses of affliction,
 And leaves them with his benediction.

FAUST. And Margaret—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Sits in restless mood—

Does nothing—knows not what she should—
Thinks night and day on what she lost,
But dwells on him who gave them most.

FAUST. Poor thing! her grief goes to my heart!
Bring more gems—come—come—no delay—
The first, coarse common things were they.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in affected vexation*). Mere trinkets
flung in sport away!

—My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give!—

FAUST. Be silent—shall you
Thus mock at me and my affection?
Act for my ends, by my direction.
Court thou the widow—tax invention
For sweet things—draw off her attention—
Come—come—you're dull as water-gruel,—
Up—up—away for chain and jewel!

MEPHISTOPHELES. My lord, I cheerfully obey.

[FAUST *exit*.

How a man fooled with love will fling away
Sun, stars, earth, heaven, upon the chosen lady—
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day!

[*Exit*.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE

MARTHA (*alone*). God help and pity me, and pardon
My poor old man! he treats me badly;—
Thus to go off—'tis very hard on
A wedded wife,—here pining sadly
Am I upon my lonely straw.
I loved and doted on him so,
His very will to me was law;
And for no reason thus to go
And die abroad (*weeping*)—he must have died—
Yet 'twould be satisfactory
If I could have it certified.

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET. Martha.

MARTHA. My little Maigery !
Sweet child, what can the matter be ?

MARGARET. My knees are sinking under me.
I've found another casket, one
Like that so lately had and gone,
Laid in my press—of ebony—
The rings and jewels in it are
More brilliant than the former far.

MARTHA. Your mother must not hear it, though,
Or straightway to the priest they go.

MARGARET. Look at them, only look at them.

MARTHA. Fortunate girl.

MARGARET. Alas, one gem
I cannot—can I?—ever dare
Put on in church or anywhere.

MARTHA. Come here as often as you please,
And try them on where no one sees—
Before the glass be whole hours spent
Adjusting every ornament.
We will enjoy their full effect,
With none your secret to suspect ;
Then as occasions come, a ball,
A dance, a day of festival,
We let them one by one appear—
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear—
And coin some story or another
To keep the matter from your mother.

MARGARET. Twice to have had such caskets brought,
There's something in it more than ought !

[*A knock.*

Good God ! my mother ! I'll be seen.

MARTHA. 'Tis a strange gentleman.—Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*). I've come unceremoniously ;
But, ladies, you will pardon me.

[*Retreats respectfully before MARGARET.*

To Martha Schwerdtlein was my visit :

I'm told this is her lodging. Is it ?

MARTHA. Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'll call when you are more at leisure :

You have a guest of consequence ;

I'll call again in three hours hence.

MARTHA (*to MARGARET*). The funniest thing I ever knew—

The gentleman imagined you

To be some lady of high rank.

I can't but laugh.

MARGARET. I have to thank

The gentleman's extreme good nature.

I am a poor young humble creature :

These ornaments are not my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I did not judge by them alone ;

'Tis something in your mien and glance.

My visit was a lucky chance.

MARTHA (*aside*). To know what brings him, I am dying.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I wish I had news more gratifying ;

But blame me not, though sad it prove.

Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

MARTHA. Is dead ! the faithful creature dead !

My husband—would 'twere I instead.

MARGARET. Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail
O'er grief—

MEPHISTOPHELES. And hear the sad detail.

MARGARET. I fear at all to think of love,
Such loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grief waits on joy—joy follows
grief.

MARTHA. Tell on ; it will be some relief

MEPHISTOPHELES. In Padua, at St. Anthony's,
In consecrated earth he lies !

A cool bed under the church floor,

Where he sleeps soundly.

MARTHA.

Nothing more ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy:
His last commission was to thee,
To have three hundred masses said,
With requiem service for the dead.
His last was a religious thought:
This is the whole of what I brought.

MARTHA. What, not a coin, no trinket token,
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken?
Why, the most paltry artisan,
The veriest wretch in form of man,
Some small memorial still will hoard,
Some little pledge in secret stored,
To show his love is not forgot—
Will starve—will beg—but parts it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness

To the true value of your kindness:
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered
His money—as he died, he pondered
The past—and, as his heart relented,
His sins and his bad luck repented.

MARGARET. Unhappy men! I weep for them!
He shall not want my requiem!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The sweet child! what a tender
touch of

True feeling! that's the girl for me—
I take it you deserve to be
Out of hand married, and made much of.

MARGARET. Time long enough 'twill be till then.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You'll find admirers 'mong the
men:

A husband in due course, no doubt,
I'll see to bring it soon about,
And if not married out and out,
With a gallant we can mayhap
Fill up as pleasantly the gap.

MARGARET. 'Tis not the custom of the place.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Custom or not, it is the case.

MARTHA. Tell on.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I stood at his bedside:

The rotting straw on which he died,
 —Something less foul than dung, not much,
 Infectious to the smell and touch.—
 He died a Christian, and in debt,
 Settled his scores with Heaven;—the trifle
 Due at the wine-shop, is due yet.
 'Alas,' said he, 'I used my wife ill.—
 Would die at peace, did she forgive.'

MARTHA. Poor man! I long ago forgave.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'But 'twas her folly, as I live!'

MARTHA. What! standing on the very grave
 Did he say this? assert this he?
 And did he tell you it was I,
 I who was wrong?—

MEPHISTOPHELES. He did: but out
 The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.
 He lied: your very countenance
 Decides the matter at a glance!—
 'Mine was hard work, you may conjecture
 (Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture),
 First, all her children to be fed;
 And while I toiled to make them bread,
 Not let to eat my crust in peace.'

MARTHA. What, will his slanders never cease?
 Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;
 Our tendernesses day and night.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Not so: he thought of you with
 great affection.

'As I,' said he, 'was late from Malta sailing,
 I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,
 Following a burst of tender recollection
 Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing
 Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;
 A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure
 For the great sultan: 'twas a gallant fight,
 And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:
 And when they came the shares of each to measure,
 I got, to say the least of it, my right.'

MARTHA. What? how? a prize? think you, he
 buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Who knows where heaven's four winds have scattered it ?
 Bury it ?—no, his heart was far from sordid :
 That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.
 A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,
 As he was loitering in their pleasant city,
 Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,
 And saw his vanity—and soothed and flattered it—
 Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,
 That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.
 Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,
 Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour
 In which your poor saint died, he felt their power.

MARTHA. Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so !
 Ought not the poverty, which his neglect
 Had heaped on us, his shameless course have checked ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It ought ; and he is punished for it now :

But as this will not mend the case,
 I would, if I were in your place,
 Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,
 And wed again, when the year came about.

MARTHA. Where could I find, in this wide world of men,

Anything like my own poor man again ?
 There could not be a creature kinder, fonder ;
 His only fault was, he from home would wander ;
 And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming :
 He was so good, without a single vice,
 Except his taste for foreign wines and women,
 And the society they bring—and dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well ! if on his side he had only made

Allowances as just and generous,
 Your quarrels had been easily allayed.
 Why, I myself—if you indulge me thus—
 With such good sense—in a few little things—
 Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

MARTHA. Oh, Sir, you are a pleasant gentleman :—
 Sure you were speaking but in jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I'd best be off: this vile
old pest
Has her brains turned already with the plan
Of marrying me at once outright!
My only safety is in flight.
Damn her! she'll keep the devil to his word.

[*To MARGARET.*

How goes it with your heart?

MARGARET.

What means my lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as if to himself*).—The good sweet
innocent child!

(*Aloud.*) Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET. Farewell!

MARTHA. Sir! Sir! don't leave us till you tell
One little matter more: I want a witness
To prove his death and burial—how—when—where—
Formally proved; and you will see the fitness
Of having it on record—'twould be pleasant
To have it in the papers of the week.

MEPHISTOPHELES. *'At the mouth of two witnesses the
matter*

shall be established.'—By good luck, at present
There's one in town, who to the fact can speak;
A man of character and high condition:
He'll make the necessary deposition—
I'll bring him in the evening.

MARTHA.

Don't be later.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And this young woman—shall we
find her here?

She will so please him—nay, I do not flatter;—
A fine young man—has travelled far and near—
Is so admired—and so admires the sex,
And has so true a feeling of decorum.

MARGARET. I feel afraid—to meet him would perplex
And so confuse—I'd blush to death before him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Were he a king—should it be
thus?

MARTHA. The garden, then, behind my house—
We shall expect both gentlemen
This evening there—farewell till then.

THE STREET

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How fare you ? goes it swimmingly on and swift ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hurrah ! my friend—I'm glad to see your heart

On fire—she shall be yours in less than no time :
This evening, we all meet at Neighbour Martha's.
Of all the women that I ever saw
She is the veriest gipsy—is the one
To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

FAUST. All promises well so far.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But we are asked
For something in return.

FAUST. That's reasonable—
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We are only asked to make a
deposition,

In proper form, that her dead husband's bones
Are lying decently interred in Padua,
Quietly resting there in holy ground.

FAUST. Mighty fine doings ! what a pretty jaunt
You have contrived for us !

MEPHISTOPHELES. *Sancta simplicitas !*
Why should we go ? we are asked but to make oath—
This may be done without the toil of travel,
Or trouble of any kind.

FAUST. Is this your plan ?
If you have nothing better to propose,
The scheme is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, holy man !
Is it there you are now ? Doctor, is this your scruple ?
Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness ? have you lectured on
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—
On Man—and on 'how thought originates'.

And that enigma, man's mysterious nature,
 The intellectual and the moral powers—
 Have you not dealt in formal definitions,
 With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted ?
 Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience
 Must tell you—does it not ?—you know no more
 Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death.

FAUST. Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be
 A liar and sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes ; if by appearances
 Only you judge : you, a philosopher,
 Should look a little deeper—you yourself,
 Ere two days pass—will you not ?—all in honour,
 As you would call it—fool this poor child's fancy,
 And swear,—your casuistry will then be silent—
 How from your soul you love her—love her ever.

FAUST. Yes, and such oath is true—

MEPHISTOPHELES. —As any other ;—
 And then of everlasting faith and love
 Will be the talk,—of all-absorbing passion—
 Of the one feeling—felt but once—for one :
 Will this, too, be a language that the heart
 Can recognize as true ?

FAUST. Peace, fiend ! it will,
 If that I feel, and if for the emotion—
 The frenzy call it, rather—I still seek
 A name and can find none—if through the world
 My fancy ranging seeks analogies
 That are, and ever must remain, imperfect—
 If words that speak of time be insufficient
 Even feebly to express this burning feeling,
 And that, thus forced, I call it endless—deathless—
 Eternal—yes, eternal—say you that
 Language like this is a Satanic lie ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet I am right.

FAUST. Hark ye—take this with you—
 I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further—
 But, as I said, take this with you ;—no matter
 What side a man adopts, or of what subject—

This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged :
But soon comes age and sorrow ; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave
A solitary creature—like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution—
This must be bad for body and for soul.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You make me shudder at the
dreary prospect.

MARTHA. Be wise—secure yourself in time.

[They pass on.]

MARGARET. Yes !—out of sight, soon out of
mind.

I feel this courtesy is kind ;—
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected education,
—In every thing so unimproved—

FAUST. Believe me, dearest, best beloved,
That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

MARGARET. How ?

FAUST. Ah ! that—singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
—Gifts, as they are, above all price,
Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious !
That—meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest,—
Should—

MARGARET. Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then—of you
I shall have time enough to think.

FAUST. Your time is passed, then, much alone ?

MARGARET. Why, yes ; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.

We have no servant maid, and I
 Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry ;
 Run far and near—rise ere the light,
 And not lie down till late at night.
 And then my mother's temper's such,
 In every thing she asks so much,
 Of saving has so strict a sense,
 And is so fearful of expenso,
 So anxious, so particular.
 —Not that our circumstances are
 So limited, as not to give
 The means like other folk to live.
 The property my father had,
 And died possessed of, was not bad.
 A house, and garden here, that yields
 Something worth while, and some town fields
 Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
 Are tolerably quiet now—
 My brother earns a soldier's bread
 Abroad,—my little sister's dead.
 Trouble enough I had with her,
 Yet cheerfully would I incur
 Ten times the toil—so dear was she

FAUST. A very angel, if like thee !

MARGARET Even from its birth, the child I nursed—
 And so it loved me from the first.
 Born to distress—its father torn
 Away by death, ere it was born.
 My mother, worn out with disease—
 We long had given her up for gone—
 Recovering faintly by degrees,
 Came slowly, very slowly on.
 She had no strength—she could not think
 Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,
 I reared it; for its natural drink,
 With milk and water tried to bring
 The creature on—and thus my own
 It seemed to be, and mine alone—
 Lay on my arm, and on my breast
 Would play and nestle, and was blest.

FAUST This must have been the purest joy.

MARGARLE. Yet were there hours of great annoy—
 Its cradle was by my bedside :
 It kept me half the night awake,
 To make it quiet when I tried —
 At times must I get up, to take
 The little urchin into bed,
 This would not do—then must I rise,
 Walk up and down with measured tread,
 And seek with songs to hush its cries
 Then daylight brought its tasks to me :
 Ere dawn must I at washing be—
 Trudge to the market—light the fire,
 And if I felt the trouble tise
 On one day, 'twas the same the next.
 I felt dispirited, and vexed
 At times, but I was wrong in this ;
 For, after all, his labour is
 What gives a poor man's food its zest,
 And makes his bed a bed of rest.

[*They pass on.*]

MARTHA. We women are the sufferers : who can
 - make

Anything of a dissolute old rake ?

MEPHISTOPHELES Yet have I perfect faith in
 woman's skill,

You may, for instance, make me what you will.

MARTHA But tell me plainly, have you never met
 One whom you loved ?—thought you of marriage
 yet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES A blessed state—in Proverbs we
 are told,

A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

MARTHA But is there none with preference you
 would name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. All are polite and everywhere the
 same.

MARTHA. Have you no one in seriousness addressed ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. With ladies can you think that
 I would jest ?

MARTHA. You still mistake me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I regret to find
How slow I am ; but one thing to my mind
Is clear, that you are very, very kind. [*They pass on.*]

FAUST. And so thou didst, my angel—didst thou
not ?—

The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again, upon the spot ?

MARGARET. Did you not see it ?—I held down my
eyes.

FAUST. And thou dost,—dost thou not ?—the
freedom pardon
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,
I rashly took ?

MARGARET. I felt so much surprise.
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.
'Into his head could such a thought have come ?—
What must he think of thee ?—there must have been
Something improper in thy walk or mien ;
Something that gave this gentleman to see,
Here is a girl with whom you may make free.'
Yet must I own I did not then detect
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
I with myself was angry, that, with thee,
As angry as I ought, I could not be.

FAUST. Sweet love !

MARGARET. One moment wait.

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves
one after another.*]

FAUST. Why pluck the star-flower ?
—Do you wish a bunch of flowers ?

MARGARET. No, I just fancied
Trying a little game of chance.

FAUST. What mean you ?

MARGARET. You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*]

FAUST. What are you murmuring ?

MARGARET (*half aloud*). He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST. Angelic creature !

MARGARET. *He loves me—not—He loves me—not—*

[As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.
He loves me !

FAUST. Yes, my child, deem this language of the
 flower

The answer of an oracle—‘ He loves thee ’
 Dost thou know all the meaning of ‘ He loves thee ’ ?
[Holds both her hands.

MARGARET. I am all over trembling.

FAUST. Tremble not !

Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,
 Say, to thee, what no words can say : henceforth
 Be our whole being lost in one another
 In overflowing joy—that lives and lives
 For ever and for ever ! could it end,
 It were—but no, it cannot, cannot end !

*[MARGARET presses his hands, disengages herself
 from him, and runs away. He stands for
 a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.*

MARTHA. The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELLES. We should be going.

MARTHA. I would invite you to stay longer, but
 We live in a censorious neighbourhood.
 They seem to have nothing to think of or to do
 But watch the doors, and who go in and out :
 Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued :
 But our young couple—saw you them ?

MEPHISTOPHELLES. They’ve flown

Up yonder walk—gay butterflies—

MARTHA. He seems

Caught.

MEPHISTOPHELLES. And she too. ’Tis the way of the
 world.

A SUMMER HOUSE

MARGARET runs in ; fixes herself behind the door ; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.

MARGARET. He comes.

FAUST. Ah, rogue ! and do you thus provoke me ?
I've caught you at last. *[Kisses her.]*

MARGARET *(embracing him and returning the kiss)*.
Dearest and best, with my whole heart I love thee.
[MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.]

FAUST *(stamping)*. Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A friend.

FAUST. A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Full time to go.

MARTHA *(comes up)*. 'Tis late, my lord.—

FAUST. May I not see you home ?

MARGARET. My mother would—farewell.

FAUST. Must I then go?—

Farewell.

MARTHA. Adieu !

MARGARET. To meet again, and soon.

[Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARGARET. How many things a man like this
Must know ;—and I had but a 'Yes',
For everything he said ;—confused
By every word ; yet he excused
Each fault of mine. What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me ?

FOREST AND CAVERN

FAUST *(alone)*. Yes ! lofty Spirit, thou hast given
me all,
All that I asked of thee ; and not in vain,
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
Been with me, manifesting gloriously

Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love,
—Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;
Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:
Thus teaching me to recognize and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!
Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed!
And when before my eye the pure moon walks
High overhead, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
Before me seem to move, and mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest thought!—

Alas! even now I feel Man's joys must be
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods;
This is thy gift; but with it thou hast given,
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
Whom I abominate, but cannot part:—
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible;
And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts: with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess that perfect form
Of loveliness! Thus, from desire I pass

On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire !

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.]

MEPHISTOPHELES. Have you not had enough of this
before ?

A pretty kind of life to live for ever !
Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
Seek something new.

FAUST. I wish you had something else
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well ! well ! and if you wish I'll
leave you here

To your delights—never say it again.
Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
Of a companion—kept the whole day long
Busy, and never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

FAUST. Aye, there's the tone—that is so very like
him :

Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor child of earth ! and couldst
thou, then, have borne

Thy life till now without my aid ? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle !
I guarded thee with long and anxious care ;
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds ! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl ? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone ?
Sweet pastime this ! most charming occupation !
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

FAUST. Couldst thou conceive what added life is
given

In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it !

Wouldst grudge the short delight——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Delight indeed!

Yes, transcendental rapture!—mighty fine!—

In night and dew lying among the hills,

In ecstacy embracing earth and heaven—

To swell up till you are a kind of god—

To pierce into the marrow of the earth

In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task

Of the creation in thy breast to feel—

And in the pride of conscious power enjoy

I know not what of bliss,—to cherish love

That has no limits, but must overflow

Till it loves everything that is—till earth

And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,

Has passed away—and then the glorious hour

Of intuition ending—how it ends

I must not say——

FAUST.

Fie, fie upon thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes!

'Fie, fie!'—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—

Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well

In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,

And will not hear of what the modest heart

Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,

However, upon what you said—I grudge not

To you or any man such pleasure, as

He now and then may feel, in playing tricks

Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.

You are already blown out of your course—

Are almost what you were when first we met;

And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself

Soon into actual madness—fronzy-fever,

Or melancholy horror. For your own sake

Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits

Within there,—you should soothe her! All with her

Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind

You never are: she loves devotedly,

Poor thing!—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.

First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,

'As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook

Above its banks—and thou into her heart
 Hast poured the sudden gush; and now the brook
 Is dry with thee again: methinks 'twere well,
 Instead of reigning here among the woods
 On an imaginary throne, that you
 Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
 The poor thing for her love,—to her the time
 Seems miserably long—she lingers at
 The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
 Slow o'er the old town-walls. 'Oh that I were
 A little bird!' she cries. This is her song
 All the day long, and half the heavy night!
 One moment is she mirthful—mostly is
 Sad,—then she weeps till she can weep no more;
 Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
 But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
 This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

FAUST. Serpent—vile serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). Aye, and one that stings.

FAUST. Infamous wretch, begone! name not her
 name—

Pollute it not—stir not into desire
 My half-distracted senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is this?—

She deems herself abandoned—and is right.

FAUST. Off, viper!

MEPHISTOPHELES. You are raving—I am laughing:
 What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,
 And let it cure your spirits,—you are going
 Not—as to look at you one might believe—
 Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress!

FAUST. What were the joys of Heaven, though with
 them blest

In her embrace?—could my disquiet be
 Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest
 This drear presentiment of her undoing?
 And am I not the outcast—the accursed—
 The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease—
 The monster of his kind? No rest for me—
 No aim—no object; like the stream, that, nurst

With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
 Along its course of ruin,
 On to the inevitable precipice—
 Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
 And violently seeks the desperate shock.
 And—by the side of such mad stream—was she,
 —A child with a child's feelings;—her low cot
 In the green field upon the mountain-slope,
 And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,
 Her little world, all—all in that poor spot;—
 And I—the heaven-detested!—was it not
 Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore
 The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
 All, that opposed me, in my downward course
 On with me?—Her, too, her—her peace—her joy—
 These must I undermine?—these too destroy?
 Hell! Hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,
 Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!
 What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall
 Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
 She—I—and these wild thoughts together!
 MEPHISTOPHELES. What! in the fever-fit again?
 How seethes and burns the muddy brain!
 —Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
 When difficulties thwart,
 Or unforeseen calamities occur:
 Fools, when they cannot see their way,
 At once grow desperate,
 Have no resource—have nothing to propose—
 But fix a dull eye of dismay
 Upon the final close.
 Success to the stout heart, say I,
 That sees its fate, and can defy!
 —Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
 In most things pretty devil enough;—
 Of all insipid things, I least can bear
 That sickening dose—a devil in despair!

MARGARET'S OWN ROOM

MARGARET (*alone at the spinning-wheel*).

(Sings.)

My peace is gone,
 And my heart is sore :
 I have lost him, and lost him,
 For evermore !

The place, where he is not,
 To me is the tomb,
 The world is sadness,
 And sorrow and gloom !

My poor sick brain
 Is crazed with pain,
 And my poor sick heart
 Is torn in twain !

My peace is gone,
 And my heart is sore,
 For lost is my love
 For evermore !

From the window for him
 My heavy eyes roam ;
 To seek him, all lonely
 I wander from home.

His noble form,
 His bearing high,
 The smiles of his lip,
 And the power of his eye ;

And the magic tone
 Of that voice of his,
 His hands' soft pressure,
 And oh ! his kiss !

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore ;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore !

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh ! could I clasp him,
And hold him here !

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh ! I could die !
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly !

MARTHA'S GARDEN

MARGARET—FAUST.

MARGARET.—Promise me, Henry.

FAUST. Be assured, my love.

MARGARET. Now tell me how you are as to religion ?
You are a dear good man—but, I rather fear
You have not much of it.

FAUST. Forbear, my child,
You feel I love you, and for those I love
I would lay down my life. I would not rob
Any one of his feeling, or his church—

MARGARET. 'Tis well—but more than that—we must
believe.

FAUST. Must we ?

MARGARET. Oh, had I any influence !
—You honour not the holy sacraments ?

FAUST. I honour them

MARGARET. But you do not receive.—
At mass or shrift 'tis long since you have been.
Do you believe in God ?

FAUST. Forbear, my love ;
Who can say truly, 'I believe in God' ?

—Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery
Of him who asks.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe !

FAUST. Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved :
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,
Say, 'I believe in Him' ? And who can feel,
And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong
Hardening his heart, say, 'I believe him not !'
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,
Say, doth he not embrace, sustain, include
Thee ?—Me ?—Himself ?—Bends not the sky above ?
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm ?
And over us with constant kindly smile,
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch !
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes ?

And does not All, that is,

—Seen and unseen, mysterious all—

Around thee, and within,

Untiring agency,

Press on thy heart and mind ?

—Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—

Then call it what thou wilt,

Happiness !—heart !—love !—God !

I have no name for it—Feeling is all ;

Name, sound and smoke,

Dimming the glow of heaven !

MARGARET. This is all good and right ;

The priest says pretty much the same,

But in words somewhat different.

FAUST.

Everywhere,

All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,

In its own language each doth utter it—

Then why not I in mine ?

MARGARET.

Made easy thus

'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe :

Thou art no Christian.

FAUST.

Hush, my child.

MARGARET. I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

FAUST. What do you mean ?

MARGARET. The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,

I hate him from the bottom of my soul.

In my whole life, has nothing given my heart
So deep a wound, as that man's alien visage.

FAUST. Beloved, fear him not.

MARGARET. The very sight of him makes my blood
thrill !

To most men I feel kindness—but him
Do I detest ; and with a feeling strong,
Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes
To have you with me—does a secret shudder
Creep over me when I behold this man.

He is—I cannot be deceived—he is

A villain ;—God forgive me, if I wrong him !

FAUST. He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

MARGARET. I would not—could not, live together
with him.

If for a moment he comes to the door,
He will look in with such an air of mockery,
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger
Kept down—you see he has no interest
In anything—'tis written on his brow
He feels no love for any living soul—
And when I am so happy in thy arms,
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—
Forgetting everything but thee, then—then
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers !

FAUST. Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings !

MARGARET. The feeling overmasters me so wholly
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

FAUST. This is antipathy.

MARGARET. I must away.

FAUST. Alas! and may I never
Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us?
One little hour—and must it never be?—
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

MARGARET. Ah, that I slept alone! This very night
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;
Did she awake and find you there, I should,
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

FAUST. Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this
phial
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,
Deep tranquil sleep.

MARGARET. I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you?—'Twill not injure her?

FAUST. It will not: otherwise would I advise it?

MARGARET. Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey—I cannot hesitate:
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide
In everything; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse? [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*). The monkey! is it gone?

FAUST. Again—

Spying?—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, and I heard quite plain
The doctor schooled,—the catechumen
Getting a lesson in his creed,
And catechism, from a young woman,
Just now;—I hope that it agreed
With you! The girls' anxiety
For sentimental piety
Is soon explained. The man, think they,
Who worships in the good old way,
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,
Is likely to obey his spouse:
This of itself ensures his wife
A quiet, fair and easy life.

The women fancy, and the fact is
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,
That their admirers are most found
Where your religious men abound—
Love is almost the same emotion :
The devotee—such is their notion—
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,
Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,
Is led by priests, and follows women.

FAUST. Oh ! what a monster must thou be,
To see not, or with scoffing see,
How this poor girl's affections lead
The pious creature thus to plead ;
The faith, in which she moves and lives—
That which alone salvation gives—
So she believes—may make her fear
Danger to one whom she holds dear ;
Fear for the issue of a strife
Where more, she feels, is risked than life !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Most sentimental sensualist,
—Philosopher at once and beast,—
Led by the nose by a young flirt !

FAUST. Abortion—spawn of fire and dirt !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scornfully*).—On Physiognomy she
also lectures
Profoundly—feels, when I am present,
Sensations strange and most unpleasant :
—Suppressed malignity my smile betrays ;
I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,
And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,
Something mysteriously allied to evil,
A genius—or, perhaps, the very devil.
To-night then.

FAUST.

What's to-night to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've my amusements too—we'll
see,

AT THE WELL

MARGARET and LIZZY (*with pitchers*).

LIZZY. Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing ?

MARGARET. No, not a word—I've been but little out.

LIZZY. Kate told it me to-day—there's not a doubt Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence : I always said her pride would be her ruin.

MARGARET. What mean you ?

LIZZY. What I mean all know but you— Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

MARGARET. Poor thing !

LIZZY. Poor thing, indeed ! great pity for her : Why, she was always finding some pretence To be in company with this adorer
Of hers ;—at every party—every walk—
How she made out a time for private talk !
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen
For evermore with him, at booth or green.
She thought herself so fine, none could come near her ;
And then their feastings—cakes and wine must cheer
her

After their rambles : then her vanity
About her beauty almost like insanity—
And then her meanness—think of her insisting
Upon his making handsome presents to her—
Then came soft words, when there were none to listen,
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer !

MARGARET. The poor, poor thing !

LIZZY. And do you pity her ?
When we were kept close to our wheels, and when
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,
Then were they on the seat before the door,
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore ;

Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance ;
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

MARGARET. Poor creature ! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

LIZZY. He '—he'll be no such fool—the de'il may carry her,
For what he cares—they say that he is off ;
He'll find another market soon enough.

MARGARET. That is not fair.

LIZZY. Twill be almost as bad,
We will so plague her—if she get the lad ;—
The wedding garland, should she think to wear it,
From the mock virgin shall the children tear it ;
And, at her door, what fun we shall have, spreading
Chopped straw, to greet the promise of their wedding.
[Exit.

MARGARET (*returning home*). How I would rail when
some poor girl went wrong !
How, when it was another's sin and shame,
Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue !
It was, it was black—oh how black, and I
Blackened it more and more—no words of blame
This virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy—
Others might fall, but I more proud became—
I blessed myself, and held myself so high,
And I who thus could feel—am I the same ?
But could I—who could—have resisted here ?
All was so good ! all was so very dear !

ZWINGER —A LITTLE SURINE

*In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER DOLOROSA,
with flowers before it —MARGARET places fresh flowers
in the bouls*

MARGARET.

Mother benign,
Look down on me !
No grief like thine,
Thou who dost see
In his death agony
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou lift up thine eyes ;
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain
dost pray,
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs,
may pass away.

And who my wound can heal,
And who the pain can feel,
That rends asunder brain and bone ?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—
Thou knowest it—thou alone !

Where can I go ? Where can I go ?
Everywhere woe ! woe ! woe !
Nothing that does not my own grief betoken ;
And when I am alone,
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heart-broken

The flowers upon my window sill,
Wet with my tears since dawn they be ;
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly
 Came the early sun's good morrow;
 On my restless bed, unsightly,
 I sate up in my sorrow
 Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
 Succour me, thou, and save!
 Look on me with that countenance benign.
 Never was grief like thine,—
 Look down, look down on mine!

NIGHT

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR

VALENTINE (*a soldier—MADGE's brother*) Till now,
 as round the canteen hearth,
 My comrades, in their drunken mirth,
 Would of their favourites gaily boast,
 And pledge with soldier's glee the toast;
 How on my elbow I would rest,
 Smile as each swore his own the best,
 And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,
 And when my turn to name the lass
 Came round, would say, 'Each to his taste;
 In my own home my heart is placed
 Where is the maiden, anywhere,
 That with my Margaret can compare?
 Is there than Madge's in the land
 A truer heart or fairer hand?'
 Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,
 While voices rose with joyous clang:
 'Right, right,' in chorus, hundreds cried,
 'First of them all—the country's pride—
 His sister is'—and dumb and tame
 The boasters suddenly became
 And now—oh, I could rend my hair,
 Could dash my brains out in despair,—

Now must I feel my bosom gored
 By daggers in each casual word,
 And every ruffian's sneering eye
 And scornful taunt my patience try;
 Gnawing my wrath must I remain,
 And suffer and suppress my pain,
 Nor dare say any word again;
 As hears the debtor gibe and curse,
 Who meets a claim with empty purse.
 Avenge it—what can vengeance do?
 Must I not feel the taunt is true?

See yonder! sneaking out of sight,
 Two skulking scoundrels.—Am I right?
 —'Tis he—would Heaven that it were he—
 He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. See, in the window of yon sacristy,
 How from its little lamp the constant light
 Streams up—while, at the sides, less and less bright,
 'Tis fading—till it dies in the thick night
 That deepens round—and thus is it with me—
 Darkness on every side around me spreads.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And I am like the thievish cat
 that treads,
 Prowling along, up ladders and down leads—
 A nibble in the dark—there's no harm in it—
 Or snatching on the roof a stolen love-minute.
 Already do I feel the power,
 The fun and frolic of the hour;
 The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT
 Bids every limb thrill with delight:
 Another night—another day,
 And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY;
 Then to the Brocken fare we forth,
 Then learn that life is something worth.

FAUST. Behold yon blue light glimmering!
 Is that the treasure? Lurks it there?

And will it from the dark earth spring ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Be patient—you shall shortly bring

The casket into open air :

I peeped into the secret hoard,

And saw the lion-dollars stored.

FAUST. What ! merely money ? who would think it ?

What good is this ? no ring—no trinket ?

No ornament for the dear girl ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh yes ; there are some beads of pearl.

FAUST. I am glad of it,—it is not pleasant To go to her without some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Is there then no such thing as pleasure,

But what you may by payment measure ?

I differ there with you—but see,

The heaven is hushed, and full of stars :

Now for a moment favour me

With silence—while I sing some bars

Of an old song—a sweet old air,

Touched with true skill—a moral song

That lures the heart and will along.

(Sings to the guitar.)

Why, Catherine, stay

At dawn of day,

At dawning grey,

Before the youngker's door ?

The merry blade

Lets in the maid,

That out a maid

Never departeth more !

Beware—beware,

And guard, ye fair,

Your hearts with care.

Poor things, beware of men—

Oh, listen not to anything

They may say, or swear, or sing,
Till on the finger is the ring—
Beware, say I again.

VALENTINE (*comes forward*). What brings ye here ?
whom come ye to destroy,
Cursed rat-catchers ?—to the devil with the lure—
To the devil with the scoundrels.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well done, boy,
The poor guitar is cracked beyond all cure.

VALENTINE. Now for his skull.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now, Doctor, now's your time.
Courage—stick close—that's a brave fellow :
Have at him—just do as I tell you—
Out with your duster—thrust away—
I'll party.

VALENTINE.

Party that.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Child's play !
Easily done.

VALENTINE. And that.

MEPHISTOPHELES. As easy quite.

VALENTINE. The devil assists him in the fight—
My hand is wounded.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now thrust home.

VALENTINE. Oh, torture !

MEPHISTOPHELES. The clown's done for—come,
We'd best be off—have not a minute
To lose—already is the cry
Of murder raised—and although I
Know the police, and have friends in it,
This is a very ugly scrape.
To manage it in any shape
Perplexes me.

MARTHA (*at the window*). Up !—up !—

MARGARET (*at her window*). A light !

MARTHA. Railing and scuffling—how they fight !

PEOPLE (*in the street*). One of them is already dead.

MARTHA. Seize on the murderers—are they fled ?

MARGARET (*coming out*). Who is it ?—who ?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET. Oh God!

VALENTINE. I die—said soon—soon done!

Women, why stand you wailing, crying?

Will you not listen? I am dying.

Margaret, take counsel, you are still

Young, and conduct your business ill;

I speak in confidence—you are

A strumpet—throw away pretence—

Be one in earnest—there were sense

In this—be one thing or the other.

MARGARET. My God! what can you mean, my
brother?

VALENTINE. Best let the name of God alone!

That which is done, alas! is done.

The past is past—the wretched game

You play is everywhere the same,

Begins in folly—ends in shame.

First one man visits—then, less private,

Another; soon the coy beginner

Will welcome all, till she arrive at

The streets, and is a common sinner.

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,
Draws over her the veil of night,
Trembles at every stir, and tries
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise,
Yea—unfamiliar yet with sin—
Would hush the warning voice within.
On moves she unobserved, unknown;
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,
And as her features, marred and coarse,
From hour to hour look worse and worse,
While men behold her with affright,
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,
When all, with loathing, turn away

From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,
 I see the gnawings of remorse :
 —Abandoned outcast of the street,
 How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet ?
 Never, as once, the golden chain
 To wear in pride—never again !
 Never again, that fairest face,
 To shine at church, in the high place,
 And never more the dance to grace ;—
 No more in modest pride to deck
 With frills of snowy lace thy neck ;
 But in some filthy nook to lie,
 'Mong strumpets live—'mong beggars die ;
 And find, for thee, heart-broken one,
 Though God has mercy, Man has none.

MARTHA. Pray, dying man, for mercy ; dread
 To heap God's curses on thy head !

VALENTINE. Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin !
 Procurer ! sordid slave of sin !
 Then might I rest, my conscience freed
 From every weight by that one deed.

MARGARET. My brother—oh, what agony—
 Brother, forgive—I grieve for thee.

VALENTINE. Cease weeping thus for me : thy fall—
 That was the sharpest wound of all.
 Fearless I go—as fits the brave—
 To God and to a soldier's grave.

CATHEDRAL

SERVICE.—ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *among a number of people*.—EVIL SPIRIT
behind MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT. How changed is everything
 With thee, poor Margaret,
 Since when, still full of innocence,
 Thou to this very altar

Didst come, and from the little old thumb'd prayer-book

Didst lisp the murmured prayers;
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in heaven.

And dost thou, canst thou think? . .

Thy brain, where wanders it? . .

In thy heart, oh what a weight

Of guilt, of evil done!

Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—

She who through thee did sleep and sleep away
Into undying agonies?

And on thy door-stead whose the blood?

And in thy bosom is there not

A stirring, that is torture,

And with foreboding fears

Makes felt the present woe?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe!

Oh that I could escape

These dark thoughts flitting over and athwart me,

And all accusing me!

CHOIR. DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The judgement arrests thee—

The trumpet is sounding—

The graves are astir—

And thy heart,

From the sleep of its ashes,

For fiery torture

Created again,

Awakes up and trembles.

MARGARET. That I were out of this—
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breathing,
And that the anthem was
Breaking my heart.

CHOIR. JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
 QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,
 NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

MARGARET. I feel so tightened here,
 The pillars of the wall
 Are grasping me ;
 The arch above
 Weighs on me.—Air !

EVIL SPIRIT.
 Hide thyself—sin and shame
 Will find thee out—
 Oh, never were they hidden—
 Air—light—exposure—
 Woe's thee !

CHOIR. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,
 QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,
 CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

EVIL SPIRIT.
 From thee their countenances
 The sons of light all turn.
 To reach to thee their hands
 Makes the pure shudder—
 Woe !

CHOIR. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

MARGARET (*fainting*) to the girl next her. Your flasket,
 friend.

WALPURGIS NIGHT

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

SHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Would not a broomstick be a
 good thing here
 For a tired man to ride ? I wish I had got
 A buck-goat, rough and tough—neck thick, trot quick :

The road is long, and we are loitering,
The time just come—the place still far away.

FAUST. While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me;
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.
Why should we wish the way more short? To steal
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which
The bubbling water gushes up for ever,
And streams a white precipitous cataract—
'Tis this—'tis this that makes such paths delightful.
The stirring breath of spring hath waked the
birch,

And the slow pine already feels her power—
Shall we alone of all that live and breathe
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I can feel nothing of it—all
within

With me is winter—give me the bleak snow,
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.
With what a red and melancholy light
The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,
Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,
And making each step dangerous—lest the foot
Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock;
I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.
See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.
Holla! my friend, come join our company;
Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,
Come be the pilot of our perilous way,
Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Yours most respectfully—I'll
strive to serve you;

But it is struggling against nature—devious
And zig-zag is our customary course.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ha, ha!—ha, ha! he thinks to
mimic man;

Go straight—for once—in the devil's name, go straight—

On, saucy spark, on—or I'll blow thee out,
 Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. 'Tis plain to see
 That the master of the house is here—my lord,
 I will be all I can be, to oblige you,—
 But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic ;
 And, if we should not go the straightest road,
 Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR (*alternately*).

SONG.

Into the magic world, the centre
 Of fancies strange and dreamy science,
 By a moteor led, we enter,
 His wild light our best reliance.
 Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,
 Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.

Woods—how swift they vanish by us !
 Trees on trees—how fast they fly us !
 And the cliffs, with antic greeting,
 Bending forward and retreating,
 How they mock the midnight meeting ;
 Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,
 Panting, blowing, as they shun us !

Trickling on, through sward and stone,
 Rill and rivulet run down—
 Murmuring and rustling near,
 Voices meet and mock the ear ;
 Sweet sounds greet us from above :
 Are they—are they words of love ?
 Tender tones, that from the wild wood
 Whisper back the days of childhood ?
 All that was, when we were young,
 EDEN to the heart, now meets it ;
 And the rock, with airy tongue,
 Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,
 And lingering in love repeats it.

How the song of echo chimes
Like the voice of other times !

Tu-whoo !—Tu-whoo !—the owl's in view—
Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—
Through the dusk air see him shooting—
The long-horned owl, with pinions grey,
The blind bat borne in circles dizzy,
The crow—the lapwing—and the jay,
Are wakeful all—all out and busy—
See lizards in the green twigs tender,
With heavy paunch and long legs slender—
Everywhere strange sights we see—
Are they what they seem to be ?—
Here's many a twining plant that flings
Round rock and root its serpent strings,
And seeks to dart, in eager watch
The heedless journeyer's foot to catch,
From close-compacted living masses
Its angry fangs on each who passes ;
Everywhere around us playing,
Many-coloured mice are straying,
Numberless, 'mong moss and heather ;
And the fire-flies crowd together,
With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,
Round our meteor leader rushing !

We be strangers here who stray,
Natives of the hills are they,
Gleesome creatures bright and gay,
Merry guides ! hurrah ! hurrah !—
Wild the escort—wild the way !

Tell me, tell me, where we are—
We have wandered fast and far—
Is our wizard journey ended ?
Is the Brocken yet ascended ?
Round us everything seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,

Everything that round us races
 Makes grotesque and fiendish faces ;
 Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
 On all sides wild-fire lights are flying.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come, be alive—so far, so well ;
 We're at the half-way pinnacle.—
 The worst is over now—catch fast
 My mantle, while we turn and cast
 A glance beneath us on the mines
 Where MAMMON in the mountains shines !

FAUST. What a strange glimmer stains the ground,
 Like the dull heavy clouds around
 The east, ere yet the sun ascends :
 Far down the dusky hue extends,
 For leagues below earth's surface spread,
 A gloomy—thick—discoloured red,
 Tinging the dreary sides of this
 Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—
 Here rises smoke, there vaporous whiteness,
 But yonder what a blaze of brightness
 On every object round is gleaming !—
 Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,
 And now the illuminating current
 Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,
 Here, round the vale, you see it wind,
 In long veins delicate and slender,
 And there in bondage strict confined,
 It brightens into burning splendour !
 A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling
 The waste air, are before us twinkling,
 And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,
 Glows with intensity of lightning—
 Turret,—'twould seem—and fence and spire
 Lit up at once with festal fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, is not Mammon's princely
 hall

Lit gaily for our festival !
 I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night
 Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite—
 Already is it swept from sight—

Wild work is on the winds—I see already
Omens that say the boisterous guests are coming.

FAUST. The angry gale blows insolently upon us!
How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Firmly seize
The old projections of the ribbed rock—
Else it will blow you down into the chasm
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;
The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking,
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted,
And the shrieking trees uplifted—
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,
Fair trees fall in ruin fearful;
—How the haughty forest brothers
Bend and tremble!—how they fall!
How they cling on one another's
Arms!—each crushes each and smothers,
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all;
And the wild Winds through the ruin
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing!
Down the valleys how they sweep,
Round and round, above and under,
Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
And, with shout and scream appalling,
Catch the mighty fragments falling!
How they laugh, and how they leap,
As they hurry off their plunder!
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
Echo back the stormy thunder!

—List!—I thought I heard a ringing
 In my ear of voices singing—
 Above—around us—faint, now clearer,
 Distant now—now warbling nearer—
 Now, all the haunted hill along,
 Streams the maddening magic song!

WITCHES IN CHORUS. On to the Brocken the witches
 are flocking—

Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop and drive,
 Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,

And young green corn is merry alive,
 With the shapes and shadows swimming by,
 To the highest heights they fly,

Where Sir Urian sits on high—

Throughout and about,
 With clamour and shout,
 Drives the maddening rout,
 Over stock, over stone;
 Shriek, laughter, and moan,
 Before them are blown.

A VOICE. Before the rest—beyond the best—
 Who to lead the group is fitter?

In savage pride see Baubo ride
 On her sow about to litter.

CHORUS. Baubo—honour to whom honour—
 Benediction be upon her—

Forward, mother!—as we speed us,

Who so fit as thou to lead us!

Forward—clear the way before us!

Then follow we in screaming chorus!

A VOICE. Whence came you?

A VOICE. Over Ilsestein—

As I passed I peeped into a nest,
 And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,
 Fixed her frightened eyes on mine!

A VOICE. O go to the devil—why drive you so fast?

A VOICE. She grazed my side as she hurried
 past,

And the skin is sore and the blast is chill:

Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

CHORUS OF WITCHES. The way is long, and weary,
and wide—

And the madman throng crowds on every side—
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,
Will the child within escape,
When the mother, crushed to death,
Suffocating pants for breath ?

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS. SEMICHORUS 1.

Like the lazy snail, we linger and trail :
Our woman-kind, as fleet as the wind,
Have left us far and far behind—
On a road like this men droop and drivel,
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS. SEMICHORUS 2.

Swift they go, and swift they go,
And gain a thousand steps or so,
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
Woman will bustle, and woman will jostle,
But yet at the end will lose the day,
For hurry and hurry as best she may,
Man at one long bound clears the way.

VOICES FROM ABOVE. Come with us—come with us
from Felsen-see,
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-night !

VOICES FROM BELOW. To wander above, is the thing
we love.

Oh for one hour of this one night !
For one mad dance on the Brocken height !
When shall we join in the wild delight ?
We have washed, and washed, and washed us white
Again and again—we are barren quite—
But our hearts are aglow, our cheeks are bright—
We have watched a-left—we have watched a-right,
And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.

THE TWO CHORUSES. That wind that scattered the
clouds is dead,

And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon :
 She hides her head—and the stars are fled ;—
 With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound,
 And a fall of meteor fires around—
 Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
 The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

VOICE FROM BELOW. Stop—stop—stop.

VOICE FROM ABOVE. What voice is this
 Calls to us from the abyss ?

Seems it that the words just spoken
 From the crannied rock have broken ?

VOICE FROM BELOW. Stop—stop—stop—for me—
 for me—

Guarded and bound with slant rocks round—
 Stop—stop—stop—and make me free—
 Three hundred years moiling, three hundred years
 toiling,

Hurry work—weary work—step after step ;—
 I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
 To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters, stop—
 I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,
 In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air.—
 Are you not my kundred ?—and why am I hind' red'
 From mixing among you, and meeting him there ?

BOTH CHORUSES.

Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride 'em
 Rams, with those who know to guide 'em ;
 Broken branches gallop lightly ;
 Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.
 A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them,
 Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of
 them ?

Many an egg-shell air-balloon,
 To-night will land at our saloon ;
 He who fails in his endeavour
 To join us now, is gone for ever.

HALF-WITCH FROM BELOW. Far away I hear their
 laughter,

Hopelessly I stumble after ;
 Cannot rest at home in quiet—
 Here I cannot join the riot.

WITCHES IN CHORUS. Strength is given us by this
 ointment—

We will keep to-night's appointment—
 We can speed on sea, no matter
 Were the sail a cobweb tatter ;
 And a plank as weak and thin as
 Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.
 He who cannot fly to-night,
 Will never soar a wizard's flight.

BOTH CHORUSES. And when we've reached the top-
 most bound,

Like swallows skim the haunted ground ;
 Far and wide upon the heath,
 Spread your circling guard beneath ;
 Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
 With all the hosts of witchery.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The air is heavy and oppressive,
 And the whirling din excessive ;
 Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
 Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble ;
 Sultry, vaporous, and sickening ;
 To a denser substance thickening,
 Burning noisomely, and glittering
 With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
 Poisoning everything it reaches,
 Atmosphere for fiends and witches.
 But cling more close to me, or we will lose
 Each other soon—where art thou ?

FAUST (*from a great distance*). Here I am !

MEPHISTOPHELES. What, lost already—torn away so
 far—

Then must I show that I am master here !
 Make way, good people, for my young friend yonder :—
 Room for young VOLAND—room, sweet people, room.
 Here, Doctor, cling to me, and with one spring
 We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.
 They are too bad—this raving is too much

Even for me.—Look yonder at the blaze
Of brightness—a distinct and steady flame:
How different from all the brimstone torches
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill,—
It tempts me to explore that distant copse—
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.

FAUST. Spirit of Contradiction—well, lead on!
I cannot but admire the bright idea
Of wandering to the Brocken in May-night,
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

MEPHISTOPHELES. See, see the lights! how cheerily
they burn!

There seems to be a merry set assembled,
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

FAUST. Yet would I rather be above—see! see!
Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red light,
And glows and triumphs—in what hurrying waves
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,
The thickening throng streams onward—still—still
onward—

All under the resistless fascination—
All to the worship of the evil One—
The clue to many a puzzling mystery
May be found here—to-night will be unravelled
Many a strange riddle.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And strange riddles, too,
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled—
But leave we the great world and its distractions,
While we enjoy our quiet corner here.
'Tis quite established that, in all large parties,
The guests divide in small and scattered circles—
See the young witches all are naked there,
And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,
Veiling their timid charms—come, come, look pleasant,
If it were only to oblige a friend—
'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.
I hear the music—curse upon their scraping!—
But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.
Come, come, I must insist upon your coming—
Come—I must introduce my honoured friend.

Well now, what think you? Is not this a long
And splendid room? You scarce can see the end!
A line of fires—at least a hundred, shine
Brilliantly: what a scene of gaiety
Of all kinds—chatting, dancing, drinking here—
Cooking, and making love—can anything
In the world be pleasanter?

FAUST. In what character
Are we to know you—devil, or conjuror?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I travel, usually, *incognito*;
But upon gala days the great display
Their stars and orders.—I've no need to sport
A garter—for the horse's foot is here
In high repute.—See you that sliding snail?
Eye—smell—touch—all gathered up into one?
Hither she creeps—her trembling feelers out—
Instinctively she knows that I am here,
And touching—smelling—eyeing, on prowls she,
Crowding herself together—wide awake—
Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.
Even if I wished disguise, it here would be
A thing impossible—come, come with me.
Forward from fire we saunter on to fire:
Play you the lover where I introduce you.

[*As they pass on, MEPHISTOPHELES addresses a
party sitting round a few dying embers.*]

Old gentlemen, pray, how do you get on
In the corner here? Why—sure you ought to be
Alive, and flirting in some merry circle.
See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder—
If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at home.

GENERAL. Who may trust a people's favour,
Though he fight for them for ever?
To nations, as to girls ungrateful.
The young are dear, the old are hateful.

EX-MINISTER. Little now to prize or praise;
—Give me back the good old days,
When kings and courts obeyed our call,
And ourselves were all in all.

PARVENU. I was one of Fortune's pupils,

Disregarded doubts and scruples ;
 Thus her golden gifts I found ;
 Then, alas ! the wheel turned round.

AUTHOR. How public taste declines !—they never
 Read works that once were counted clever ;
 —And then the critics—all invidious—
 Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has suddenly assumed the
 appearance of extreme old age*). I feel the world is
 waning into age ;

All things are ripening fast for the last day.
 With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,
 I've climbed the witches' hill—the wine of life
 Is low with me—and therefore 'tis that I,
 An old man, think the world is on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH. Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?—great
 bargains going !

Rare things here to tempt the knowing !—
 Stop and see them !—my collection
 Well deserves minute inspection.

Such variety, in vain
 Would you hope to meet again,
 Of the curious articles,
 Which your own old woman sells :

Rare and precious ! every one
 Hath on earth its business done.
 Will you have the dagger knife,

That hath drained a brother's life ?

Or the cup that held a draft,
 Which was death to him that quaffed ?

—This was from a royal feast,
 And a queen had drugged the bowl :

—This a chalice, and the priest,

—On him a confiding soul

Looked for comfort—poured in it
 Venom of the aconite :

Here are trinkets—chain and gem—

Young man, you should purchase them—

Pearls, with which the wealthy donor

Won vain woman to dishonour.

Poor things! poor things!—the best and kindest
 Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
 And feels, and loves, and does not reason—
 And they are lost—poor things! poor things!
 —Here are swords, the gift of kings,
 That have done the work of treason;
 Or pierced, some coward hand directing,
 The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Old lady, you mistake the times
 we live in—

Every one's heart to novelty is given:
 Throw out your box of relics—such antiques
 As these no creature fancies now or seeks.
 The past is dead and gone—the present passion
 Is novelty—this trash is out of fashion.

FAUST. Scarce know I who I am or where—
 They crowd and rush as at a fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forward the whirling crowd is
 striving,

All driven along the stream and driving,
 All rushing on in one direction,
 And each enjoying the reflection
 That he to-night is his own sovereign,
 That his own thoughts his movements govern,
 Unconscious that the same broad river
 Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

FAUST. Who's that?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Her features closely scan—
 'Tis the first wife of the first man.

FAUST. Who, say you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. ADAM'S first wife, LILITH
 Beware—beware of her bright hair,
 And the strange dress that glitters there:
 Many a young man she beguileth,
 Smiles winningly on youthful faces,
 But woe to him whom she embraces!

FAUST (*looking at another group*). The old grey witch
 —how she squats down—poor devil!
 Panting for breath—half-dead—fainting and flounder-
 ing—

And the young vixen with her finds the revel
Rather too much for her—she, too, is foundering.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nonsense, the fun will ne'er be over.

Advance, my friend, and play the lover.
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning—
Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES take partners.

FAUST (*dancing with the young witch*). 'Twas my fortune once to see

In a dream an apple-tree ;
Rosy apples—one, two, three—
With a glad smile tempted me ;
And to-night again I seem,
In the trance of that sweet dream,
Lovely is the tree I wis,
And the apple pleasant is.

HIS PARTNER. Dear little apples—aye ! their price
Was more than gold in paradise—
And pleasant to the sight and touch ;
I come from gardens rich in such.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old witch*). I had a troubled dream, and it
Was haggard as a night-mare fit,
I saw an old tree torn and split,
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

HIS PARTNER. With lowest courtesy I salute
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot ;
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,
Is his—and his must be the fruit.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. Cursed devils—how they murder

All attempts at keeping order :
All in vain it is to prove
To Spirits by what laws they move :—
Mocking at all regulation,
Ridiculing demonstration,
See them onward still advancing,
Ghosts ! like men and women dancing.

FAUST'S PARTNER. Who 's this presumes to interfere ?

What means the forward fellow here ?

FAUST. What—he ?—why he is everywhere—

He never dances—but he guides

Opinion—disapproves—decides—

On carriage and the true division

Of time gives laws with calm precision.

While others *dance* he *criticizes*,

And all is perfect that he prizes ;

And what he does not prate about

Is but of small account, no doubt ;

Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,

What he beholds not has no being :

Our careless grouping must perplex him,

But dancing forward's sure to vex him.

The only figures he approves

Are where the set in circles moves,

Still turning his own humdrum round

Within the same contracted bound,

Holding, at times, grave consultation,

Listening to him with veneration,

As he with magisterial rigour

Commands a change of tune and figure.

* PROCTOPHANTASMIST. Still here ! defying me ! this
rabble

Of rude ghosts !—'tis intolerable !—

What ! restlessly still thronging hither ?

Vanish from my sight—fade—wither—

How can men say that spectres haunt 'em ?

—The mind, does it not make the phantom ?

Who and what are they ?—mere relations

That we may see or not at pleasure—

And here they come and—grant me patience—

Mix in the dance—converse at leisure.

I thought, that, by my labours brightened,

The world for this was too enlightened.

These devils—they rise, and in derision

Of all I say, still cross my vision.

What—beings, that have no existence,

To mock each law of time and distance !

Why, after this, the TEEGL ghost

May grin again at his old post.
 I thought I'd swept away these fancies
 Of plays, and poems, and romances!
 Still here! with all the noise of Babel,
 These dreams of a forgotten fable!

FAUST'S PARTNER. Silence, silence, old intruder!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. What! the ghosts are growing
 ruder—

How they heard me, in defiance
 Of every inference of science!
 Fiends, I tell you to your faces,
 I will make you know your places!
 What! in public thus to fool us!
 A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us!

[The dancing goes on.]

To-night—why this is Goblin-hall,
 Spirits and spectres all in all.
 My comments—what are they?—the cavils,
 Of a sour cynic on his travels,
 A passing stranger's jealous spite.
 —But Time will set the matter right,
 Good sense assert its proper power,
 Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,
 And take revenge on my tormentors,
Goblins, and ghosts; and ghost-inventors!

MEPHISTOPHELES. He'll throw himself into a puddle:
 There will he, stupefying, muddle,
 Till leeches, clinging to his body,
 Are weary of their banquet bloody:
 For spirits sinking—spirits rising
 The one cure is phlebotomizing;
 Delusions vanish soon—the leech
 Diseases of the head can reach
 And cure them—biting on the breech.—
 Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,
 Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.
 The brain will thus correct and clear its
 Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.

—Why have you quitted thus already

Your sweet and captivating lady,

Who sang so lovingly and well,
And danced so——

FAUST. Why, I fear to tell;
But from her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

MEPHISTOPHELES Why start at trifles, my good
follow?

'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.
What can these dull suspicions profit?
The mouse—why make a mountain of it?
A pretty sort of reason this is
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

FAUST. And then I saw——

MEPHISTOPHELES. What?

FAUST. Look, Mephisto, there,
See you far off, and shadow-like, a fair
Pale form—a lovely girl—almost a child—
Standing alone—with sweet eyes, sad and mild?
She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—
Her feet are bound—she slides with mournful pace.
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,
Strange thought, that her's is my own Margaret's
face.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Repel that thought; 'tis but an
idle trick
Of heated fancy, and the form you see
Is nothing but a magic mockery.

To gaze on it most dangerous may be.
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick
And hardens into marble; but ere now
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA's brow.

FAUST. Ah, no! a corpse's eyes are those
Whose lids no loving fingers close.
'Tis she—that form—that face—that breast
So often to my bosom prest.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fool! 'tis delusion! every lover
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

FAUST. What mirth is here—and, oh! what grief—
my glance
Still—still returns to that pale countenance;

And see around her neck a slender chain,
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain :
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it seems—
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, you are right ; for I can see
it too,

—But think no more of it than others do.
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry
Her head under her arm—'twere like enough ;
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,
Such things are not at all extraordinary.
But see, all others here are pleasant ;
Cease moping, and enjoy the present :
All round the hill is merriment—
Try thou the same experiment.
Never did crowded capital
A gayer throng together call ;
And if my senses do not err,
Yonder 's an open theatre.

—Well, what 's your business ?

SERVIBILIS. We are just beginning—
'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—seven is
The customary number here—'twas written
By a young amateur of fancy—the actors
Are dilettanti all—your pardon, gentlemen,
But I must vanish—I'm an amateur
Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Blocksberg for ever !—not a
player
On earth but merits to be there !

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM ;
 OR,
 THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.
 AN INTERLUDE.

MANAGER

To-day our trouble is but small,
 No need of nice machinery ;
 A valley moist and hill are all
 The necessary scenery.

HERALD

'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year
 Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—
 A happier feast of gold is here
 Commemorating discord ceast.

OBERON

Subject spirits, crowd the scene,
Celebrate, with exultation,
 The union of your king and queen,
 This happy reconciliation.

PUCK

Here comes Puck—you'll always find me
 Circling in the merry dance,
 And a hundred more behind me
 Twinkling joyous feet advance.

ARIEL

Sweet, heavenly sweet is Ariel's song
 What a crowd of hideous features
 The music wins, and what a throng
 Follows me of lovely creatures !

OBERON

Men and wives who would agree,
We invite your imitation;
The only certain recipe
For dying love is separation.

TITANIA

If wife be cross, and husband fuming,
To make them know each other's worth,
To the South Pole take the woman,
And her husband to the North.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA

Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,
Our musicians of the night,
Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,
Crickets, chirping, 'mong the bushes,
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

SOLO

Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,
And grumbling through the winding dione
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

EMBRYO SPIRIT

Spider's foot and lizard's belly,
And winglets for the embryo!
The animated lump of jelly
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

PARTNERS DANCING

Little steps—light, springy leaps
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant;
How pleasant, but that something keeps
From fields of air the willing vagrant!

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

A thousand figures here burlesque
A masquerade's wild gaiety,
And mingling with the groups grotesque,
See Oberon the little deity.

ORTHODOX DIVINE

What! without claws—without a tail!
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on
Such serious subjects know too well
The 'GODS OF GREECE' and OBERON.

ARTIST FROM THE NORTH

As yet my works are sketches' merely,
Though you'll admit done prettily,
But I've made my arrangements nearly
For travelling in Italy.

FORMALIST

What sinful, riotous excesses!
Fool that I was to join the crowd here—
Such shockingly indecent dresses!
And but a witch in two wears powder!

YOUNG WITCH

Keep powder, patch, and petticoat
For grey-haired hags—skins smeared and sooty—
While I sit fearless on my goat
In the free pride of naked beauty.

MATRON

For scolding we've too much politeness—
Sneers like this are best forgotten.
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,
May they soon be coarse and rotten!

LEADER OF THE BAND

Insect-harpers, as you wander
Round the hall in many a ringlet,

Spare the naked beauty yonder
 Wound of sting, or touch of winglet.
 Grasshoppers from the green bushes,
 Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,
 Brave musicians for the night,
 Watch that the tune and time go right.

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in one direction*)

Well, what a brilliant company!
 The girls how fair and unaffected!
 And not a man but seems to be
 For beauty from mankind selected!

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in the opposite direction*)

What devils all! unless the ground
 Should cleave asunder to receive them,
 I'll fly from this place, with one bound,
 To hell, or anywhere, to leave 'em.

XENIEN

Small as insects, here we bring
 Our little shears; the crops we gather
 Will be a grateful offering
 To Satan, our liege lord and father!

HENNINGS

What merry groups are crowding there!
 Up to every frolic started;
 And when they're gone—I won't say where—
 We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

MUSAGET

Oh happy, happy bard! whom chance
 To such a circle introduces,
 With these I'd rather lead the dance
 Than be Apollo with the muses.

GENIUS OF THE OLD TIMES

Come, follow me through smooth and rough:
 Cling close—there's little need of ceremony.

On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

What's yonder pompous fellow's name ?
With long and solemn strides he's pacing,
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

CRANE

I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers ;
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.

WORLDLING

For true believers everything
Works good in ways all unexpected ;
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring
From many a convent here erected.

DANCER

Is this another company,
With trumpets sounding—banners glittering ?
No ; 'tis the boreal lights I see :
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

DANCING-MASTER

Devils—how they fling and jump—
Through the figure founce and scuffio ;
Spite of wooden leg and hump,
How they caper, cut, and shuffle !

FIDDLER

Hatred in every heart ! the tone
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,
Soothed brutes ; to-night the bagpipe's drone
Tames into peace the blind and bestial !

DOGMATIST

Well, I'll maintain it—spite of sneer,
Or argument, or gibe uncivil—
I see a thousand devils here,
Which proves the being of a devil.

IDEALIST

Imagination's power to-night
For my sensorium too intense is ;
If I be all that meets my sight,
Then surely I have lost my senses.

REALIST

Reality . . . is torturing me ;
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder ;
The ground—it seems the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

SUPERNATURALIST

Here, for my system, as I rove,
Delighted I derive assistance ;
If there be devils, it must prove
Of angels also the existence.

SCEPTIC

Misled they follow fairy rays,
That promise gold with gay delusion :
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,
And both increase to-night's confusion.

LEADER OF THE BAND

Grasshopper among the bushes,
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,
Good-for-nothing dilettanti—
Pretty sort of harmony,
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

SIREWD FELLOWS

Call us *Sans-souci*—for you know
That each of us, a gay philosopher,
If on his feet he cannot go,
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.

AWKWARD CLUMSY ORNATURES

Oh once, Heaven help us! we could dance:
How pompously we then did swagger!
Now shoes out-worn, and sore feet torn,
Along the course we faintly stagger.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

From the sink and slough we come,
From the hole of steaming nitre;
And yet, in all this dazzling room,
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter?

FALLING STAR

Rapidly I shot from high,
With fiery course in brightness starry;
Here broken on the grass I lie,
With none to help me, none to carry.

HEAVY BODIES

Places—places—round go we—
Where we dance how bare the soul is;
Spirits move, and all may see
Spirits have substantial bodies.

PUCK

Like awkward elephants they thump
The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy;
Strange shadows! Puck alone is plump,
The sleekest spirit at the levee.

ARIEL

If wings be yours—boon Nature's gift—
And if the spirit so disposes,

Then follow Ariel—follow swift—
Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*)

Daylight!—the cloud-built stage—the wreaths
Of vapour,—where are they?
On reed and rush the free air breathes,
And sweeps the dream away.

A GLOOMY DAY.—A PLAIN

FAUST. In misery—in despair—long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world; and now taken up—shut up in the prison as a malefactor—this gentle, unhappy creature—for horrid tortures. To this—and has it come to this? Treacherous, worthless Spirit! and this hast thou been concealing from me! Stand, there, stand! Aye! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head—aye! stand and defy me with thy insupportable presence. Taken up—in distress irretrievable—given over to evil spirits—abandoned to—man—man that passes judgement, and is devoid of feeling; and all this, while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is not the first!

FAUST. Dog! abhorred monster! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast! Not the first! Misery—misery—by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should

have sunk into the depths of this distress—that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonizing tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful ! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one—only this one ! thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES. At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already—just where you mortals find the overstrained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it ? Think of flying, and yet art not proof against dizziness ! Did we force ourselves upon thee ? or thou thyself upon us ?

FAUST. Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly—I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit ! thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and soul, why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Are you done ?

FAUST. Save her, or woe to thee ! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters—I cannot open his bolts. Save her ! Who was it that threw her into ruin—I or thou ?

[FAUST *looks wildly around.*

Art thou grasping for the thunder ? Well, that it has not been given to you wretched mortals ! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way, however innocent—that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself in every perplexity.

FAUST. Take me thither—she shall be free !

MEPHISTOPHELES. The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that ? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

FAUST. That, too, and from thee ? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster ! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will,—and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have I all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

FAUST. Up and away!

NIGHT.—OPEN PLAIN

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *riding along on black horses.*

FAUST. What are the figures near the gibbet doing? Weaving, 'twould seem!

MEPHISTOPHELES. No—rather boiling, brewing Some filthy broth—mumbling some incantation.

FAUST. East they move, and west they move—now kneel, now bend down in prostration.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Witches worshipping their master.

FAUST. They scatter something on the earth, and now seem pouring a libation—
They sprinkle something in the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forward! forward! — faster! faster!

PRISON

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*). 'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.

Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,

nd is to die because she was deluded—
 o die for that her brain was wild and frenzied
 nd thou dost hesitate to go to her !
 ost fear to look upon that face again !
 nward, irresolute !—this wavering
 elays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

SONG

*My mother ! my mother !
 The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
 My father, inhuman, For supper hath ta'en me—
 My little sister hath, one by one,
 Laid together each small white bone,
 'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool ;
 And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
 Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
 Little bird of the woods, fly away ! fly away !*

FAUST (*opening the wicket*). She feels not that her
 love is listening—
 Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*).

Woe ! woe ! they come ! they come !—death,
 bitter death !

FAUST (*in a low voice*). Hush ! hush ! 'tis I who come
 to rescue thee !

MARGARET (*rolling herself at his feet*). Art thou a man ?
 Have pity upon me.

FAUST. Hush ! hush ! these screams and shrieks
 will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees to him*).

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee ?
 't is not more than midnight now—have mercy !
 's it too long a time to wait till morn ?

[*She stands up.*

And I am still so young—so very young !
 And must I die so soon ?—and I was fair—

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.
 Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—
 Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—
 Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—
 Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:
 Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
 Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

FAUST. I must—I must endure this misery!

MARGARET. I know that I am wholly in thy power—
 Only permit me first to give my breast
 To this poor child of mine: all the long night
 I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me;
 They took away my child to torture me,
 And now they say that I have murdered it,
 And never never more shall I be happy:
 And they sing songs about me—'twas ill done;
 It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.
 Who told them I was meant in it?

FAUST (*throws himself down*). A lover, Margaret, lies
 at thy feet;

He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*). Let us kneel
 down, and call upon the saints.

See! see! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
 Is raving there below in hideous din!

FAUST (*aloud*). Margaret—Margaret.

MARGARET (*with eager attention*). That is my love's
 voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*]

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!
 Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.
 I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;
 I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—
 I heard him call the name of Margaret;—
 Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
 And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
 I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

FAUST. 'Tis I.

MARGARET. 'Tis thou!—oh, tell me so once more!
 [*Presses him to her bosom.*]

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now ?
 Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they ?
 'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.
 I am already free : look—there's the street
 Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
 And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,
 Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

FAUST (*striving to take her away*). Come, come with me.

MARGARET. Oh, stay a little while—
 Some moments more—I love to stay with thee !
[Caressing him.]

FAUST. Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

MARGARET. So short a time away from me, my love,

Already hast forgotten how to kiss !
 Why do I feel so sad upon your neck ?
 Time was all heaven was pressing down upon me
 In all thy words,—in every look of thine,
 Yes, very heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me
 As if you would smother me with your kisses !
 Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee !

[She embraces him.]

Ah me ! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—
 Where are my kisses, where ? with whom have you
 left them ?

Where is my love ? who robbed me of your love ?

[Turns from him.]

FAUST. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.

I love thee with unutterable love ;
 But follow me,—this one—this one request.

MARGARET (*turning to him*). And is it thou, and is it thou indeed ?

FAUST. Yes, yes ! But come !

MARGARET. And do you break my chains !

And do you take me to your heart again !
 How is it you do not shudder at my sight ?
 And knowest thou whom thou art delivering ?

FAUST. Come!—the deep night is fading fast away.

MARGARET. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,

I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift
To thee and me?—yes thee! yes, thine! and thou
art here,

I scarcely can believe it is thyself.

Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;

Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—

Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!

What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;

I pray thee do.

FAUST. Oh think not of the past;

That which is done, is done. You are killing me.

MARGARET. No, you must live. No, you have to
remain,

I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—
And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast:

No other will lie with me in that bed!

To nestle down in quiet side by side

To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—

A happy thing that never more can be.

I feel as if I forced myself on thee,

And that thou wert repelling my embrace;

And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks

Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUST. Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

MARGARET. What? out there?

FAUST. Yes! out into the free air.

MARGARET. Aye, to the grave—does not death lurk
without?

Come to the bed of everlasting rest—

Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—

Are you going, Henry? may I go with you?

FAUST. Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET. I dare not go; there is no help for me.

What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.
FAUST. I will be with thee.

MARGARET (*wildly*).

Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
It lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not.
Still does it stir
With the motion of life.
The little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue! Oh rescue!

FAUST. Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!

One step, and you are free.

MARGARET. Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!

See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!
It was a happy time!

FAUST. She listens not;
Words have no weight with her. There is no way,
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

MARGARET. Touch me not ; no, I will not suffer violence :

Seize me not with that murderer's grasp ; whate'er I did was done for thee, my love. I did Everything my love asked me, willingly.

FAUST. Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love ! my love !

MARGARET. Day ! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgement-day ;

My bridal-day it should have been ; tell none That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.

Alas ! my garland is already withered ; We'll meet again, but not at dances, love :

The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands ;

The bell hath sounded ; the death-wand is broken ; They bind and blindfold me, and force me on :

On to the scaffold they have hurried me ; Down in the chair of blood they fasten me :

And now, through every neck of all that multitude Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.

The world is now as silent as the grave !

FAUST. Oh, that I never had been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears at the door*). Away, or you are lost ;

This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,

Will be your ruin ; hence, or you are lost ;

My horses shiver in the chilling breeze

Of the grey morning.

MARGARET. What shape is that which rises from the earth ?

'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place ;

What wants he here ? Oh, what can bring him here ?

Why does he tread on consecrated ground ?

He comes for me.

FAUST. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

MARGARET. Upon the judgement-throne of God,
I call ;

On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.

Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.

Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come—she is judged!

VOICE (*from above*). Is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Hither to me!

[*Disappears with FAUST.*]

VOICE (*from within, dying away*). Henry! Henry!

THE END

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